EERIE
PDC
A WARREN MAGAZINE
EERIE
#19
DEC.
40¢
IN THE TRADITION OF DR. FRANKENSTEIN'S CREATION, WE PRESENT
MONSTROUS MISTAKE
A STORY THAT WILL HAVE YOUR FLESH CRAWLING IN TERROR!
LOOKING FOR SOME OUT-OF-SPACE HORROR? SEE THE TUMMY TWISTER
TOMORROW'S REMINDER
THIS ISSUE'S SCI-FI THRILLER!
ANOTHER MIND-SHATTERING STORY CALLED
UNFEELING HEART
WILL HAVE YOUR HEART POUNDING THIS ISSUE!

THE CASTLE OF THE FRANKENSTEIN!

EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY

THE FUEDAL HOME OF THE ***BARONS FRANKENSTEIN***, A GREAT CASTLE BUILT IN ***1250***, STANDS IN CRUMBLING RUIN ON A MOUNTAIN ABOVE THE VILLAGE OF NEIDER-BEIRBACH. THE VILLAGE CHURCH CONTAINS THE ***TOMB*** OF ONE OF THE BARONS, A "***KNIGHT GEORGE***," WHO SLEW A ***TERRIBLE MAN EATING MONSTER*** IN THE SHADOW OF ***CASTLE FRANKENSTEIN!*** BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF THE VALLEY WERE SACRIFICED TO THIS MONSTER BEFORE A ***FRANKENSTEIN*** DESTROYED IT, AND IN SO DOING, RECIEVED A ***FATAL POISONED WOUND!*** ALL THIS ENSUED HUNDREDS OF YEARS BEFORE ***19 YEAR OLD MARY SHELLY*** WROTE HER PHILOSOPHICAL ROMANCE, ***FRANKENSTEIN*** IN 1818.!!

EERIE

DEC. 1968

NO. 19

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COVER: ALAN WILLOW **ARTISTS THIS ISSUE:** BARRY ROCKWELL, ERNIE COLON, TONY WILLIAMSUNE, REED CRANDALL, ANGELO TORRES, GRAY MORROW

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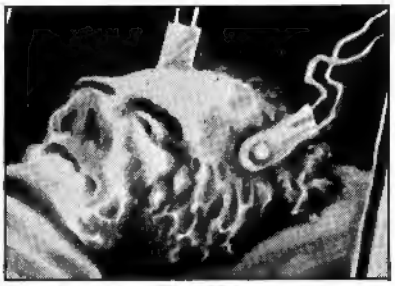

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DEAR COUSIN EERIE

I must say, you finally put together some good stories in EERIE #17 with the exception of "The Death of Halpin Frayser" and "The Final Solution". The artwork was good but the plots were terrible. "Demon Sword" and "The Mummy Stalks" were very gruesome even if they were both reprints. "Dressed To Kill" however was the most shocking shocker of the issue, the art fabulous, the story superb! "To Save Face" came in second on my list and by the way, I've been meaning to ask you why you don't have an EERIE fan club?

R. W. BELL
Paterson, New Jersey

You're really not ringing . . . Bell! Not if you missed the gore gong for last month's clanging convulsion of FAN FARE convulsion! Better get bonging buddy . . . check EERIE back issues sixteen and seventeen for a gagging glimpse at our gurgling group grief. Maybe now we'll even be getting some fretting FAN FARE from YOU in the future . . . fella!

For three or four years prior to your first issue, I had been a devoted horror and supernatural fan. Upon seeing the truly fabulous cover on that first issue which contained many of the elements of the best medevial art work, I immediately purchased it. From that time until the present, I have enjoyed the majority of stories presented in your book as well as those in CREEPY. In the most recent issue #17, I found "The Mummy Stalks", "The Death of Halpin Frayser" and "Demon Sword", quite well done and interesting deviations on the old mummy-ghost-demon plot. As for the first selection, "The Final Solution", it seemed as though you were trying to produce a psychedilic demonology. To get back to "Demon Sword", I am especially interested in sword and sorcery tales and my suggestion is to make-use of the fine and transendental artwork of Steve Ditko as often as possible. He is truly a master at weaving these story types together. Meantime, I, a lesser demon, shall be silently waiting to see if my suggestion is spirited into the sleek sheets of your teutonic tome.

DALI C. RAGNOLF
Plattsburgh, N.Y.

Oh Dali . . . you devil you! I'll promise to keep our demon seamsters stitching away at their winning spinning . . . YOU make sure you keep gitting our nauseous knitting!

Sutton does it again with his fantastic cover on EERIE #17! His blending of colors made it possibly your best since issue #8. On the inside I found he did another outstanding job on "Dressed To Kill" and in spots I would have sworn that the great Tom was in reality Wally Wood. Just catch the similarity of style on page two, the third panel. Amazing! I enjoyed Parente's flair for unusual, children endings which always add a bizarre twist to his stories. Nicely done again. Even in "To Save Face", there is an interesting use of His snap climax, an ending which seems fairly logical. Both tales at least were enjoyable and Ernie Colon did a nice job on the art in the second one. To jump back a bit, Tony Williamsune's splash panel for "The Final Solution" was really great. His art is very convincing and I especially enjoy his science fiction stuff. The story itself was interesting but a little weak in the ending, too cliche. "The Death of Halpin Frayser" was a story to ponder, I think I understood some of it, but then, I wonder. Frank Bolle isn't my favorite artist by any means, his work although professional, just doesn't have the depth that Colon's Sutton's has. As for the reprints, they were good, AGAIN, but please let's get back to the old format again huh. FAN FARE was sharp this issue, some of the art work was really great. And that self portrait, (I presume it was a self portrait) of Tom Sutton, just wild. I have to admit you're really moving past your competitive uncle, all the way!

CAL DEALE
Brooklyn, New York

It's no slick trick topping that flopping sneakfreak . . . fret friend . . . I'll have that bungling biddy screaming UNCLE yet . . . cousins!

The cover of EERIE #17 had me in a quandry. First I thought it had been done by Tom Sutton, then Roger Brand. Pleasantly surprised to find such a fine job turned in by Barry Rockwell. "The Final Solution" was a really good story, adequately illustrated, but like many recent EERIE stories, too abrupt in it's ending. "To Save Face" was reminiscent, plotwise, to stories you have done before but Ernie Colon's simple stylish art, pulled it out of the fire. I didn't understand "The Death of Halpin Frayser" when it was published in the "Tales of Terror" paperback anthology, and I'm not sure I do now. As a final note, what does a company that has formerly had all the greats in the comic's industry on it's staff do to recoup? Easy! It hires Tom Sutton and Jeff Jones. These two men are at least as good as any artists you have had in the past. Please, more of the both. You want my eyeballs should mildew?

J. SCOTT STEWART
Hastings, Nebraska

You mean my vision vexing venom is vaporing your view and blurring your blinkers . . . Scott old rot? Good . . . then I'll keep Jarring Jones and Struttin' Sutton, pinned to the panles if I can. About torturous Tom . . . you spotted his clotted cover right the first time . . . that WAS ominous Thomas's terror title . . . nice going!

Issue #17 was superb! "The Final Solution" was good and although it was lacking in plot, it was otherwise perfect in story and art. Also, "The Mummy Stalks" hit home as did Steve Ditko's "Demon Sword". Steve does an excellent job on your stories, he's one of the best. "To Save Face" was acceptible although Ernie Colon didn't do such a terrific job on that, and "Dressed To Kill" I thought was third best story of the issue. Both the plot and the art were delightful. "The Death of Halpin Frayser" was boring in my opinion but Frank Bolle did a beautiful job on the art layouts. Generally, issue #17 was a good mag but I have one question. When are YOU going to put out a yearbook Cuz? Your Uncle CREEPY already has two why be afraid to copy cat a little. After all, yours would probably be ten times better. Come on and show him what you can do!

BOB GOBLEDER
Berkeley, Ill.

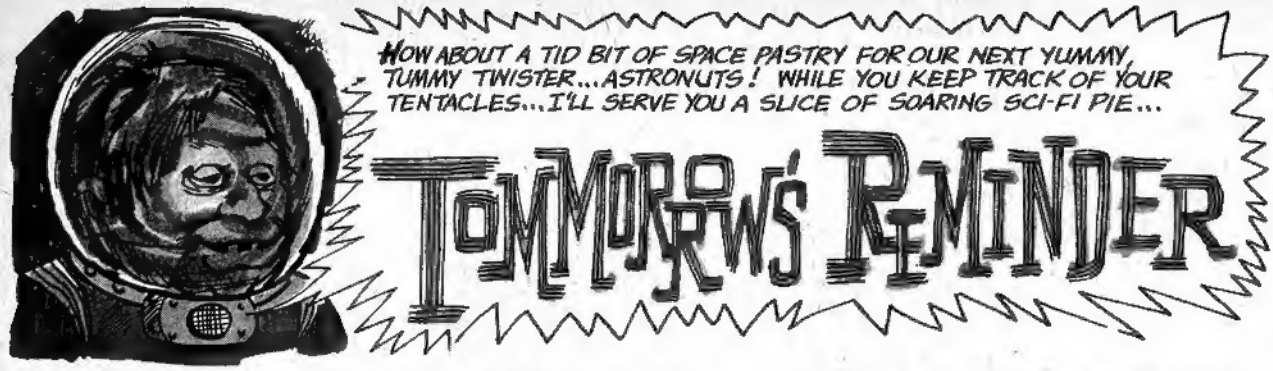
That's just what I've said to my dead headed, dread ED . . . right along bristling buddy . . . but the babbling boob ain't budging . . . YET! You just keep your peepers popping though . . . pain pal . . . and maybe my bony benefactor will fill our next YEARBOOK with some EERIE swill!

The cover of EERIE #17 was really an eye catcher and I could tell without searching any further that another issue of a WARREN magazine was on the stands. Tom Sutton did a fine job of combining garish colors with a terror situation. "The Final Solution" didn't seem final at all, in fact I wouldn't have noticed that the story was over if it hadn't been for you showing your ugly visage in the last panel. The story left me cold! "The Mummy Stalks" however was simply WOW! I have never seen a combination mummy-werewolf before and the conventional ending where man triumphs over monster was much better to my liking. "To Save Face" was good too but on page three, how did a low-class character like Uncle CREEPY get into a high-class mag like yours? "Dressed To Kill" was practically the classical, Egyptian curse story, except for the surprise ending which turns it out to be an imaginary curse after all. I like both Tom Sutton's and Ernie Colon's art but for different reasons. Ernie's because it's garish, cartoony, Tom's because it's so realistic. In fact, I think all your artists are good. Although "Demon Sword" was a good story, it had another one of those non-endings that I dislike. Super art! Perhaps I'm reading it wrong, but "The Death of Halpin Frayser" just didn't make any sense to me. Well, keep doing what you're doing and maybe someday, other comic professionals will be able to match your standards.

STEVEN CARLBERG
Shreveport, La.

That croaking bloke CREEPY is really a crusty old cuss . . . always poking his pot into MY rot! Guess it's no secret his mess can't match my monster muck . . . whatever cheatin' he curdles up!

Want to write us?
Address your poison pen letters to:
EERIE LETTERS, Dept. 16,
22 E. 42nd St., N.Y.C. 10017



AS MAN CREPT FURTHER INTO THE BOUNDLESS FABRIC OF THE UNIVERSE...UNFOLDING THE HIDDEN PATTERNS OF CREATION ITSELF...THE SILENT MYSTERIES OF THE STARS NO LONGER ASTOUNDED HIM.

FOR HIS JOURNEY INTO THE UNKNOWN ...HAD NOT MAN MANAGED TO UNLOCK EVERY VAULT OF HIS EXISTENCE...

MR. FEN, THERE SEEMS TO BE A MALFUNCTION IN THE STARBOARD ENERGY UNIT.

POWER IS FADING RAPIDLY, MR. FEN. MY INDICATOR BARELY REGISTERS 197,000 MILES PER SECOND!

I'LL CHECK OUR AUXILIARY FLIGHT POWER AND ADVISE YOU IF OUR COURSE IS STABLE SIR.

OR HAD THE FINAL RIDDLE OF NATURE REMAINED UNSOLVED EVEN NOW AS HE PURSUED HIS DESTINY... ENGULFED IN THE SILENCE OF A BILLION GALAXCIES.

WE'LL HAVE TO INTERRUPT-LAND BEFORE OUR OVER-DRIVE CONKS OUT COMPLETELY. MR. KRIN...!

I'VE PLOTTED A SUITABLE LANDING SITE ON THAT SMALL ASTEROID... THERE SIR.

ART BY TONY WILLIAMSUNE / SCRIPT BY BILL PARENTE

UNUSUAL... WHAT PLACE IS THIS, MR. PLO?
ON THE GALACTIC CHART THIS PLANET IS CALLED ATURA ...IT IS NOT LISTED AS A PRIMARY AREA, SIR.
IT'S TOO FAR OFF THE ASTRAL ROUTE PLO...
I THOUGHT THE LIFE DETECTOR MOVED JUST THEN...DID YOU SEE IT PLO?
I DOUBT IT KRIN...THIS IS A COLD PLANET IF I EVER SAW ONE!
I GUESS NO ONE'S BEEN HERE FOR QUITE SOME TIME ...UNLESS BY ACCIDENT.
WE'LL REMAIN HERE TEMPORARILY WHILE WE RE-POWER. MEANWHILE LET'S FIND OUT ABOUT ...ATURA.
YOU'D BETTER HAVE THAT MACHINE CHECKED, MR. KRIN ...UNLESS YOU'RE SEEING THINGS AGAIN ....HA.
AN ELECTRIC HURRICANE... EVERYONE INTO THAT SHELTER!
BUT WHERE ARE THE CLOUDS...
STRANGE ALRIGHT...I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS KIND OF STORM BEFORE!
COMMANDER GARV....BACK HERE SIR!

I KNOW I HEARD SOUNDS COMING FROM THIS CORRIDOR.
THROW A PROBE BEAM IN THERE, MR. KRIN AND GIVE ME A READING ON YOUR DETECTOR UNIT.
COUGH... WHA... WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE ATMOSPHERE... ACCCCHHH....
HURRY... GET THOSE PURIFIERS ON... COUGH... IT'S SOME KIND OF GASEOUS FUMES...
THERE... THE NEEDLE'S MOVING SIR... AND THIS TIME MY EYES AREN'T PLAYING TRICKS!
FROM THE LOOK OF THIS PASSAGEWAY I'D SAY THIS PLACE HAS SOMETHING ON IT... OR IN IT...
COMMANDER... LOOK THERE... GOOD LORD!
THE REMAINS OF A METROPOLIS... RECENTLY DESTROYED I'D GUESS.
YES, BUT NOT ADVANCED ENOUGH TO SURVIVE.
WHATEVER THIS PLACE WAS... THEIR CIVILIZATION SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN QUITE DEVELOPED.

WATCH OUT... AAGGHHH...
THEY'RE ALL AROUND US....
USE YOUR GUNS...
GASP... TOO MANY OF THEM TO FIGHT.. GASP... LET'S GET BACK TO THE SHIP.
W-WHAT'S THAT VOICE?
ZZZYP
PLO NEVER MADE IT SIR... HE'S BACK THERE ...WITH THOSE...
FORGET IT, KRIN... WE CAN'T HELP HIM NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE SHIP BEFORE...
LOOK... THE WALLS OF THE CORRIDOR... THEY'RE COLLAPSING!!
WE'RE CAUGHT IN AN INTERNAL TREMOR ...WE'VE GOT TO REACH THE ENTRANCE...
GGGGGHHHHMMFF
...IT'S TOO LATE... THEY'VE DEMOLISHED THE SHIP SIR!
GOD... WE'RE TRAPPED. THEY'LL COME FOR US NOW.

THEY KNOW WE'RE HERE...AND THERE'S NO WAY FOR US TO RETURN...THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT.
THE DESINTERGRATION PACKS...KRIN AND I ALREADY HAVE THEM SET FOR ACTIVATION, COMMANDER.
WE CAN'T CHANGE WHAT'LL HAPPEN IN A FEW MOMENTS... BUT BY DESTROYING THIS PLACE...
..WE MIGHT ALTER THE FATE OF OUR UNIVERSE ...FOR THE BETTER..
NOW COMMANDER ...NOW!!
I HOPE SO...KRIN...
FIRE
CLICK
FIRE
SO A JOURNEY HAS ENDED.... AND ANOTHER PIECE OF THE PUZZLE HAD BEEN PUT INTO PLACE.
OR HAD IT?

A CHOICE HAD BEEN MADE... SURELY MAN STILL HAS THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE HIS OWN DESTINY...
WHATEVER THE TRAGEDY OF THAT DECISION MIGHT BE...
IT LOOKED LIKE HE WAS GOING TO MAKE IT... BUT HE WENT INTO SECONDARY SHOCK...
THEN A MASSIVE CEREBRAL HEMMORAGE... THAT'S WHAT DID IT...
A PITY... SUCH A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST. JUST RECENTLY HE DEVELOPED STILL ANOTHER THEORY ON INTER GALACTIC TRAVEL.
HOSPITAL
SUCH A MIND... BOUNDLESS...
AS BOUNDLESS PERHAPS... AS A UNIVERSE?
WHOOPS... NOW THERE'S ONE DEAD HEAD WHO REALLY KNOWS HOW TO BLOW HIS MIND ...QUITE A BRAIN STORM HE STIRRED UP. OH WELL... MAYBE NEXT TIME HE'LL TRY SHAKIN' HIS ACHIN' WITH A BOTTLE OF ASPIRIN INSTEAD... GACHH!
END

GET READY, ***RABID READERS***... I'M TURNING BACK THE PAGES OF ***HORROR HISTORY*** TO A TIME OF GREAT HEROES AND GREATER TERROR! IT'S 500 B.C. AND YOU'RE ABOUT TO JOIN ONE OF THE MIGHTIEST GREEK WARRIORS AS HE FINDS HIMSELF TRAPPED IN THE...

DARK KINGDOM!

THE CLOUD OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS LIFTED SLOWLY... ARGOS THE SPARTAN STIRRED... THE CLASH AND DIN OF BATTLE THAT HAD ONCE RUNG IN HIS EARS WAS GONE! HE COULD FEEL ROUGH-HEWN PLANKS BENEATH HIS BATTERED BODY, THE SOUND OF RUSHING WATER WAS NEARBY, AND DAMP MISTS SWIRLED ABOUT...

ART BY GRAY MORROW/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

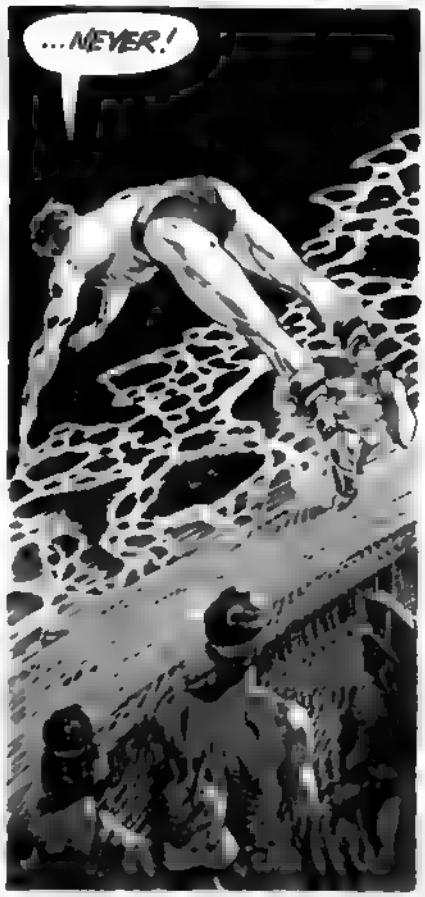
I'VE BEEN TAKEN PRISONER! BEING CARRIED OFF INTO SLAVERY ...OR WORSE! THE FOOLS LEFT ME MY SWORD...THOUGHT ME TOO WOUNDED TO USE IT!

HSSSST! FRIEND! HOW MANY HOLD US? WHERE ARE WE BEING TAKEN?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? SPEAK! ACT! WE'RE SPARTANS! NONE CAN MAKE US PRISONERS ...WE'LL ESCAPE...NOW!

YOU'RE FAR FROM SPARTA, ARGOS...FAR FROM ANY ESCAPE!
WITH NONE BUT YOU WATCHING OVER US, OLD MAN? PERHAPS THESE OTHERS HAVE ABANDONED HOPE!

I HAVE MY SWORD... MY STRENGTH... MY WILL...OTHERS MIGHT GIVE IN, BUT ARGOS?...


...NEVER!

THE BLACK WATERS WERE SWIFT AND TREACHEROUS . ARGOS POURED HIS GREAT STRENGTH INTO FIGHTING THE CURRENT... UNTIL, AT LAST, HE ATTAINED THE BLEAK SHORE

YOU STRIVE FOR NOTHING, ARGOS! THERE IS NO ESCAPE NONE!

I WILL NOT GIVE UP!

GRIPPING THE BLADE OF FINE DAMASCUS STEEL THAT HAD SERVED HIM THROUGH MANY A BATTLE, THE SPARTAN MOVED FORWARD INTO THE MIST AND STEAM OF THIS ALIEN LANDSCAPE...

WHAT MANNER OF LAND IS THIS? A PLACE OF ENDLESS ROCKS AND CAVERNS...

THEN ABOVE, HE HEARD A TERRIFYING SOUND... LIKE THE FLAPPING OF GIANT WINGS!

BY THE BEARD OF ARES!

ARGOS DROVE HIS BLADE INTO THE UNDERBELLY OF THE FIRST OF THE WINGED HORRORS DESCENDING UPON HIM! FANG AND CLAW TORE AT HIS BODY... MUSCLES IN HIS SWORD ARM RIPPLED, BLOOD SPURTED, AS AGAIN AND AGAIN HE THRUST AT THE LEATHERY SCALED HIDES OF HIS ATTACKERS!

SPARKS FLEW AND SHATTERING VIBRATIONS STRUCK ARGOS AS HIS MIGHTY BLOW WENT HOME...

BUT HIS COURAGE AND WILL DROVE HIM ON... SOMEWHERE, SOME WAY, THERE HAD TO BE ESCAPE... OR COMFORT!

THE VOICE SOOTHED... ALMOST HYPNOTIZED... UNTIL SUDDENLY THERE WAS A TIGHTENING ON HIS BODY LIKE A CHAIN OF COLD SLIME!

EVERY MUSCLE IN HIS BODY STRAINED TO HOLD BACK REPTILIAN DEATH... THE FLICKERING TONGUE LASHED AND DARTED AT HIS THROAT, THE DEADLY FANGS READY BEHIND IT... A GIANT COIL GRIPPED HARDER AT HIS ENTIRE FRAME...

WITH A FINAL BURST OF STRENGTH, ARGOS WRENCHED FREE OF THE CONSTRICTING COILS, RAISING THE SERPENT ABOVE HIS HEAD...

KWISH!

DO NOT REST, ARGOS! YOUR FIGHT IS NOT WON... IT ONLY BEGINS!

YOU CAN'T WIN... CAN'T ESCAPE...

I WILL... NOT... SURRENDER...!!

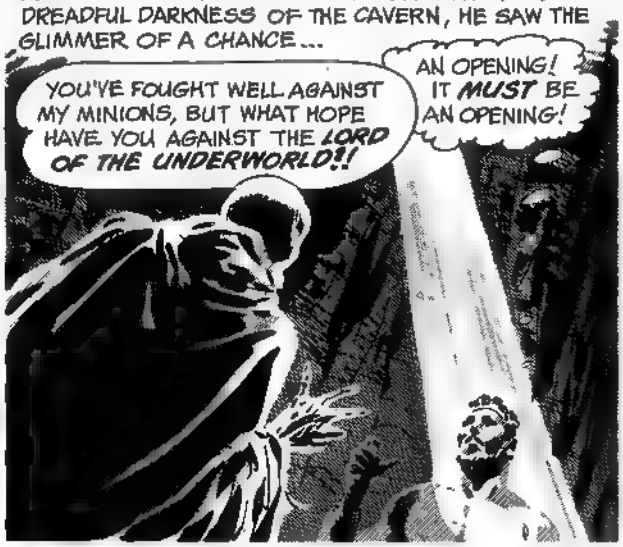
HIS ENTIRE FRAME SCREAMED WITH AGONIZING FATIGUE, YET THE SPARTAN COULD NOT GIVE UP... ONE BY ONE THE CADAVEROUS WARRIORS WERE REPELLED...

WHAT KINGDOM IS THIS THAT HARBORS SUCH HORRORS?!!

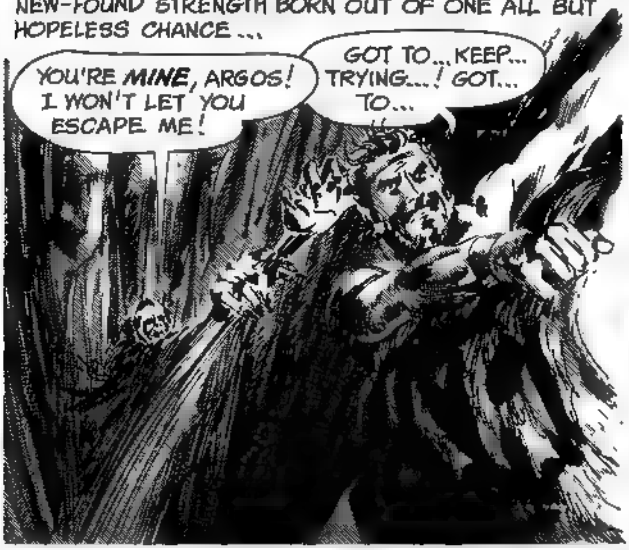
POOR FOOL! HAVE YOU NOT YET GUESSED.?

THIS IS MY LAND... IT BEARS MY NAME... HADES!!

ARGOS TENSED HIS EXHAUSTED BODY FOR A BATTLE HE COULD NOT HOPE TO WIN... THEN HIGH IN THE DREADFUL DARKNESS OF THE CAVERN, HE SAW THE GLIMMER OF A CHANCE...

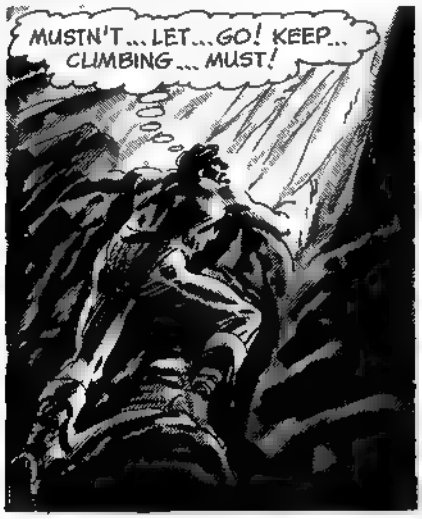


UP THE CAVERN WALL, THE SPARTAN SCRAMBLED WITH NEW-FOUND STRENGTH BORN OUT OF ONE ALL BUT HOPELESS CHANCE...



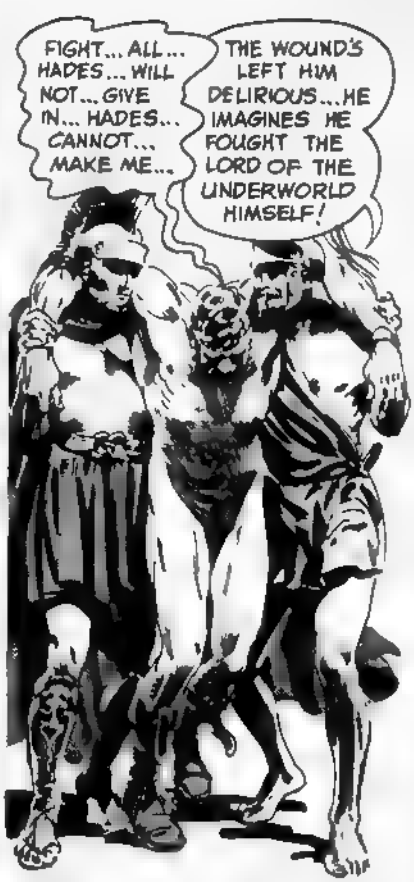
SUDDENLY ARGOS FELT THE HEAT AND MONSTROUS STRENGTH OF HADES' HAND... PULLING, DRAGGING HIM DOWN FROM HIS PRECARIOUS HOLD...

HIS NUMB BLEEDING FINGERS SCRAPED, CLAWED AND PULLED... HIS BODY TREMBLED AND SHOOK WITH IMPOSSIBLE STRAIN... HIS SWEAT-BLURRED EYES RIVETED ON THE FARAWAY OPENING... THE FAINT PROMISE OF A FRESH BREEZE...



SOMEWHERE IN GREECE THE SITE OF A BATTLE IS MARKED BY BODIES OF THE SLAIN, AND GUARDED BY TWO OF THE LIVING...
UUUUHHHHHHHH
THAT MOAN-- COMING FROM AMONG THE D-DEAD!
IMPOSSIBLE! WE MADE SURE ALL THE WOUNDED HAD BEEN REMOVED!

THERE! IT'S... ARGOS!
A MIRACLE! ALL WHO SAW HIM JUDGED HIM SLAIN!


FIGHT... ALL... HADES... WILL NOT... GIVE IN... HADES... CANNOT... MAKE ME...
THE WOUND'S LEFT HIM DELIRIOUS... HE IMAGINES HE FOUGHT THE LORD OF THE UNDERWORLD HIMSELF!

MIGHTY ZEUS! HIS BACK! LOOK ON HIS BACK!

BOTH MEN LOOKED INCREDULOUSLY AT THE WOUND ON THE BACK OF THE MIGHTY SPARTAN ... A WOUND SUCH AS NO BATTLE HAD EVER LEFT!

SEE, MERRY MANIACS! ANYONE CAN HAVE A BIRTHMARK, BUT YOU GO THROUGH A LOT FOR A DEATHMARK! AND THERE'S A LOT MORE FOR YOU TO GO THROUGH ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES!
C.E.-A.D

ART BY ANGELO TORRES/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

VANE TURNED AND LED GARVEY INTO THE MUSTY INTERIOR OF THE OLD HOUSE, THROUGH THE UNUSED LOWER FLOOR AND ITS LAYER OF DUST AND COBWEBS, TO THE DECAYING STAIRCASE...

SO THE GALLERY SENT YOU TO CHECK UP ON ME, PAUL? WELL, YOU'RE WRONG! THE HOUSE...THE ROOM... YOU CAN'T *IMAGINE* WHAT IT'S DONE FOR ME!

YOUR LETTERS WITH THE PAINTINGS YOU SENT US LAST YEAR SAID SOMTHING ABOUT...*DREAMS?*

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, VANE THREW OPEN A DOOR USHERING GARVEY INTO A SEVERE-ANGLED GARRET LITTERED WITH THE DEBRIS OF CARELESS EXISTENCE AND SMELLING OF OIL PAINTS AND UNCHANGED LINEN...

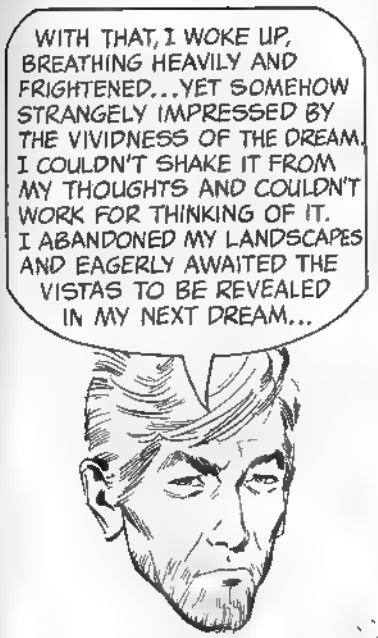
WHAT BETTER SOURCE TO DRAW FROM? CAMERAS CAN MIRROR LIFE, BUT IN THIS ROOM THE WORLD OF DREAMS OPENED FOR ME, PAUL! ITS HISTORY, ITS ATMOSPHERE, ITS VERY *AURA* BOMBARDED MY SLEEP WITH THINGS NO LENS COULD *EVER* RECORD!

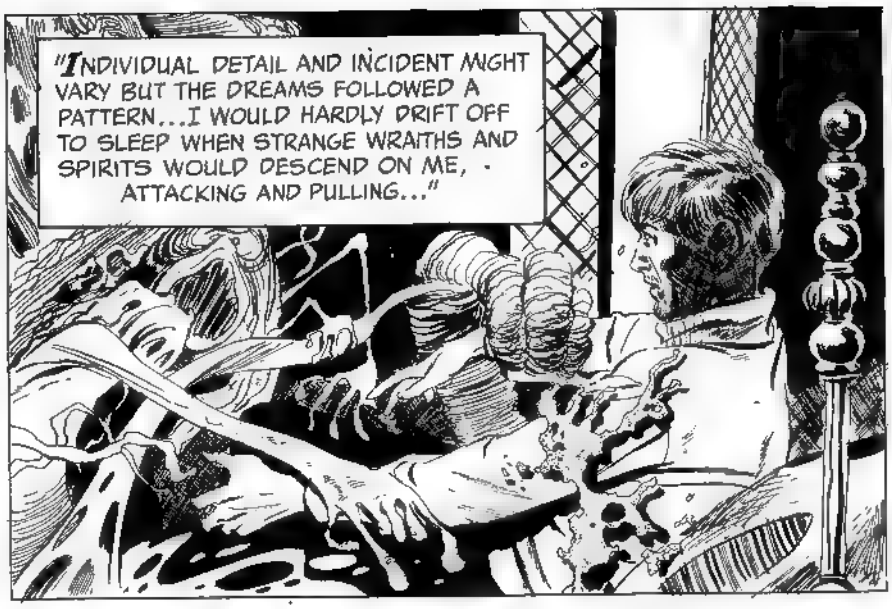
I RENTED THE HOUSE AT FIRST BECAUSE OF THE BEAUTY OF THE SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE...LANDSCAPES! I WAS ACTUALLY INTERESTED IN DOING *LANDSCAPES!* YET THE TALE OF MATTHEW GAUNT FASCINATED ME AND I WAS DRAWN TO THIS ROOM. I BEGAN WORKING HERE THEN SLEEPING AND FINALLY *I DREAMED!*

"IN THE FIRST DREAM, I PROWLED THE COUNTRYSIDE LIKE SOME TORTURED SPECTER DOOMED TO KEEP ITS HAUNTED ROUNDS, UNTIL SLOWLY IT CAME TO ME, AS THINGS DO IN YOUR SLEEP, THAT I HAD A DESTINATION, A PURPOSE..."

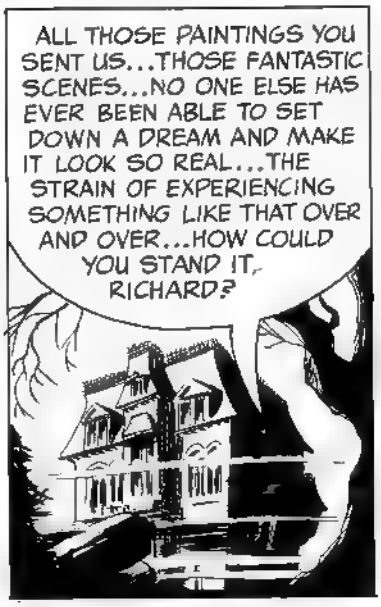
"I LABORED HARD AT MY GHOULISH DREAM-TASK AND SOON MY SPADE STRUCK ROTTING COFFIN TIMBERS...TIMBERS THAT CRUMBLED AND DISSOLVED ON TOUCH INTO THE MOIST DAMPNESS OF THE SURROUNDING EARTH..."

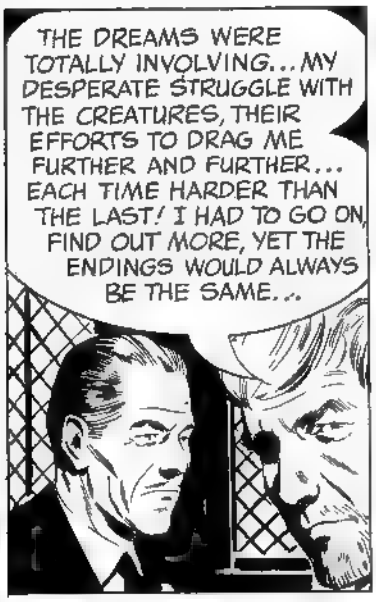
"...AND I STARED DOWN AT AN ANCIENT FORM UNTOUCHED BY DECAY...I STARED DOWN INTO THE DARK-RIMMED, WIDE-OPEN RED EYES OF..."


WITH THAT, I WOKE UP, BREATHING HEAVILY AND FRIGHTENED...YET SOMEHOW STRANGELY IMPRESSED BY THE VIVIDNESS OF THE DREAM. I COULDN'T SHAKE IT FROM MY THOUGHTS AND COULDN'T WORK FOR THINKING OF IT. I ABANDONED MY LANDSCAPES AND EAGERLY AWAITED THE VISTAS TO BE REVEALED IN MY NEXT DREAM...


"INDIVIDUAL DETAIL AND INCIDENT MIGHT VARY BUT THE DREAMS FOLLOWED A PATTERN...I WOULD HARDLY DRIFT OFF TO SLEEP WHEN STRANGE WRAITHS AND SPIRITS WOULD DESCEND ON ME, ATTACKING AND PULLING..."

"CARRYING ME OFF INTO A NIGHTMARE WORLD, A REALITY WITHOUT LOGIC, AN EXISTENCE WITHOUT SUBSTANCE! AND HERE I'D BATTLE THE UNSPEAKABLE GROTESQUES FIGHTING TO DRAW ME DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THIS PLACE THAT WAS NOT A PLACE..."

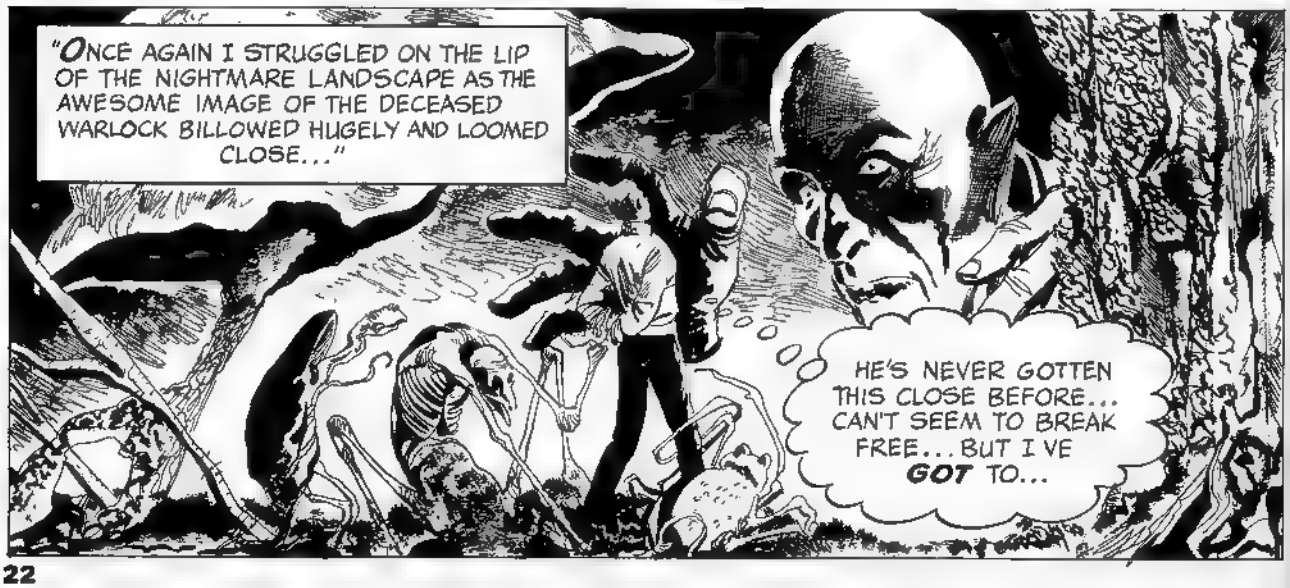

ALL THOSE PAINTINGS YOU SENT US...THOSE FANTASTIC SCENES...NO ONE ELSE HAS EVER BEEN ABLE TO SET DOWN A DREAM AND MAKE IT LOOK SO REAL...THE STRAIN OF EXPERIENCING SOMETHING LIKE THAT OVER AND OVER...HOW COULD YOU STAND IT, RICHARD?


THE DREAMS WERE TOTALLY INVOLVING...MY DESPERATE STRUGGLE WITH THE CREATURES, THEIR EFFORTS TO DRAG ME FURTHER AND FURTHER... EACH TIME HARDER THAN THE LAST! I HAD TO GO ON, FIND OUT MORE, YET THE ENDINGS WOULD ALWAYS BE THE SAME...

"A HORRIBLE CONFRONTATION WITH THE SPECTER OF MATTHEW GAUNT, CONSTANTLY GROWING LARGER AND STRONGER! EACH TIME DRIVING ME TO A LAST SUPERHUMAN EFFORT..."
NO! NO MORE! NOOOOOO!

"I'D WAKE UP EXHAUSTED AND TREMBLING WITH COLD FEAR, BUT COMPELLED BY THE URGE TO PUT THE WHOLE ORDEAL ON CANVAS. EACH PAINTING BECAME A PURGE FOR THE SHATTERING DREAM EXPERIENCE. I WORKED FEVERISHLY AND WITHOUT STOPPING..."

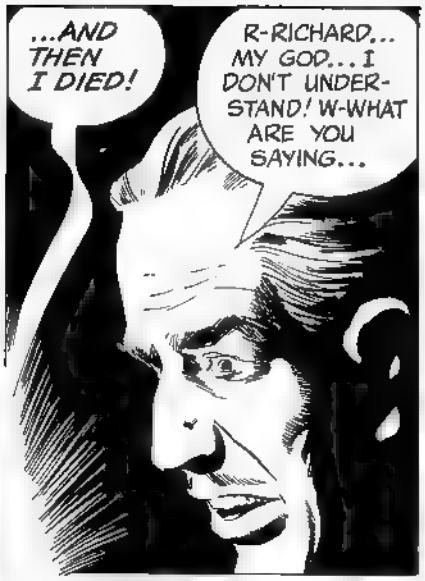
"...UNTIL THE PAINTING WAS FINISHED, THEN COLLAPSED ONTO THE BED, COMPLETELY SPENT, MY SLEEP-STUNNED MIND ALREADY RACING AGAIN INTO THE TERROR WORLD OF MY DREAMS...

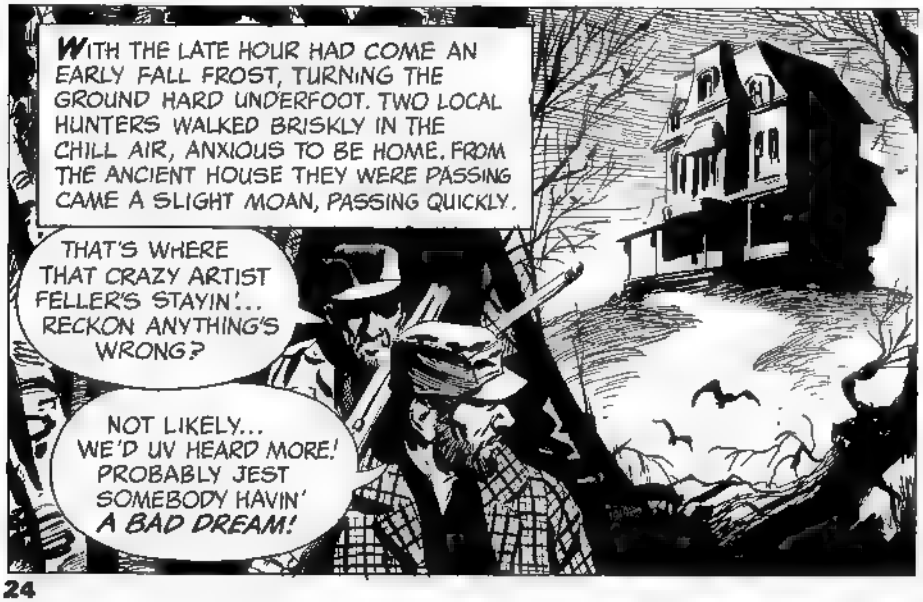


"GIANT HANDS THAT COULD CRUSH AND KILL PRESSED FORWARD, ABOUT TO ENCIRCLE AND SNARE..."

"I PLUNGED ACROSS THE NIGHTMARE LANDSCAPE RUNNING FRANTICALLY, HELPLESSLY...LIKE...LIKE... A MAN IN A DREAM!"

RICHARD VANE'S SHOULDERS SAGGED AND HE LOWERED HIS FACE INTO HIS HANDS. SILENCE SETTLED ON THE GARRET. GARVEY LOOKED MOMENTARILY DISTURBED, THEN HIS FACE BRIGHTENED...





HOBBLE IN HAPPY HEXERS... WHILE I PRY OPEN ANOTHER PANG PARCHMENT. . QUILLED TO QUENCH YOUR DRIBBLING QUIBBLING! REMEMBER DR. FRANKENSTEIN'S BOO-BOO... WELL IF YOU THINK THAT WAS A BLUNDER... TAKE A PEEK AT THIS...

MONSTROUS MISTAKE

THE TWO MEN STUDIED THE PULSATING MASS OF ORGANIC TISSUE FLOATING IN THE PUNGENT SOLUTION. BEHIND THEM... THE STEADY HUM OF MACHINERY ASSURED DOCTOR SPOOL THAT HIS SPECIMEN LIVED!

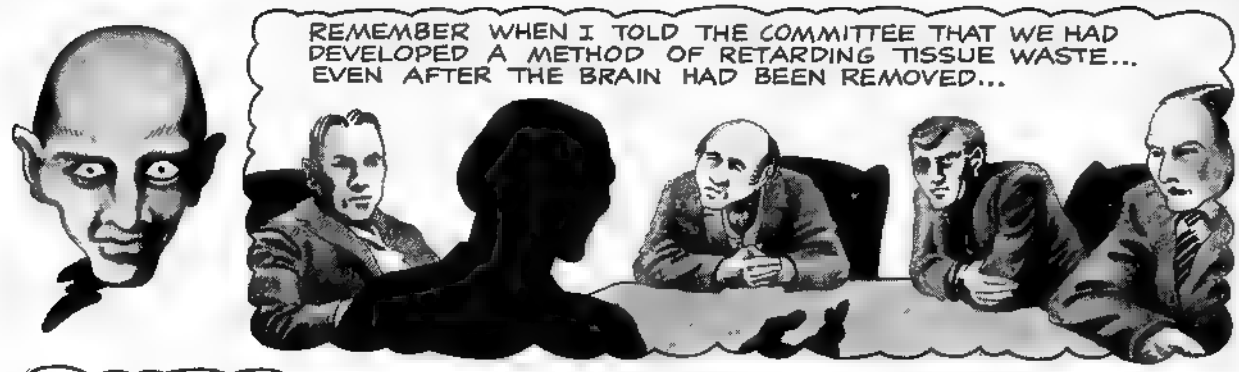
SEE HOW IMPATIENT OUR FRIEND IS BENJAMIN... WAITING ONLY FOR A BODY TO CARRY IT AGAIN!

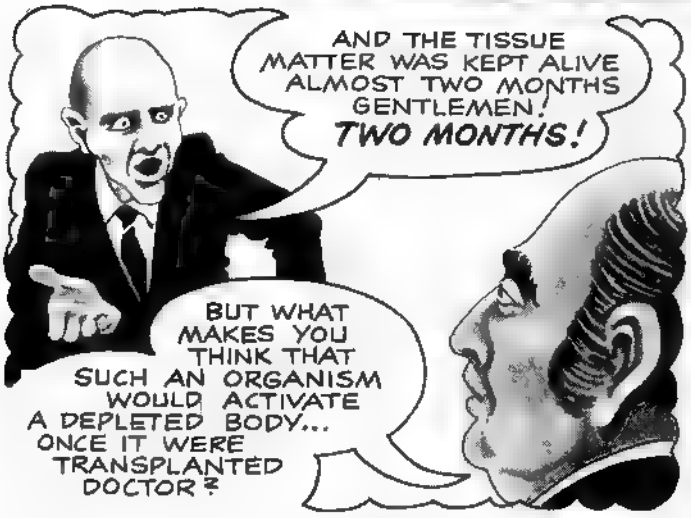
YES DOCTOR SPOOL... EAGER I SUPPOSE TO ESCAPE THE PRISON OF THIS JAR...

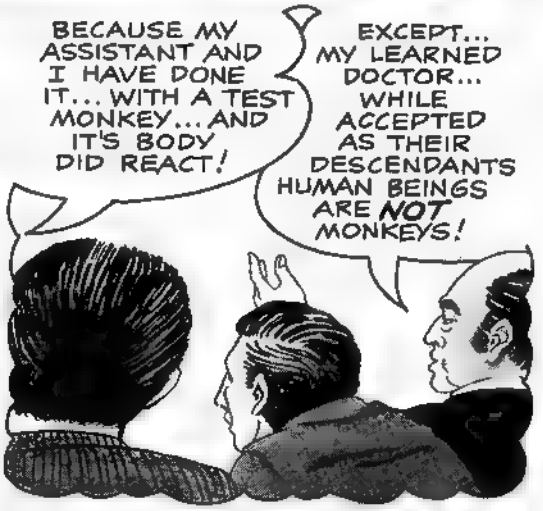
VON ERON'S BRAIN... HE LAUGHED AT US... NO HUMAN BRAIN WOULD SUCCESSFULLY REACT TO OUR TRANSPLANT HE SAID...

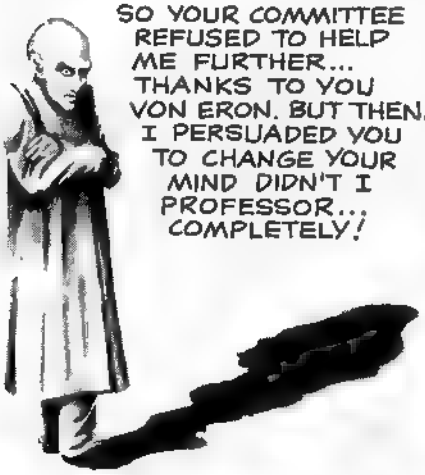
NOW WE SHALL SEE PROFESSOR... WHO THE REAL GENIUS IS... AND WHO HAS THE LAST LAUGH... REMEMBER... *VON ERON!!!*

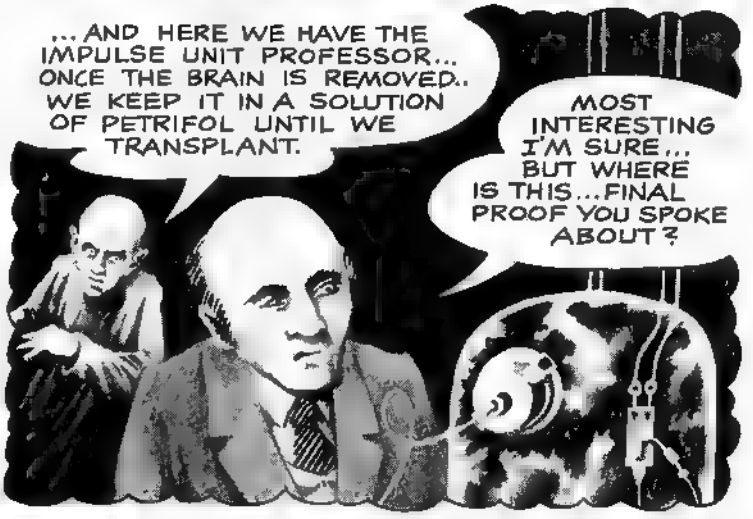
ART BY BARRY ROCKWELL / SCRIPT BY BILL PARENTE

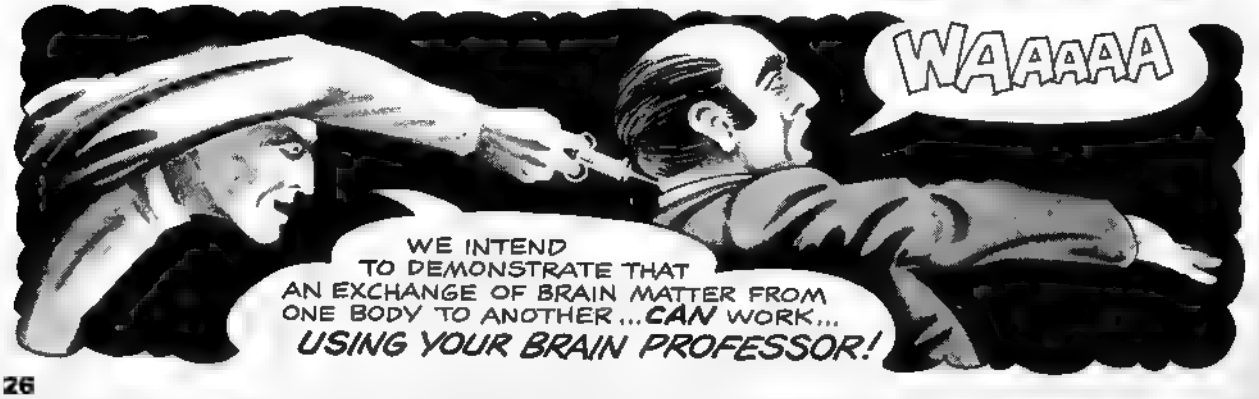

REMEMBER WHEN I TOLD THE COMMITTEE THAT WE HAD DEVELOPED A METHOD OF RETARDING TISSUE WASTE... EVEN AFTER THE BRAIN HAD BEEN REMOVED...


AND THE TISSUE MATTER WAS KEPT ALIVE ALMOST TWO MONTHS GENTLEMEN! TWO MONTHS!
BUT WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT SUCH AN ORGANISM WOULD ACTIVATE A DEPLETED BODY... ONCE IT WERE TRANSPLANTED DOCTOR?

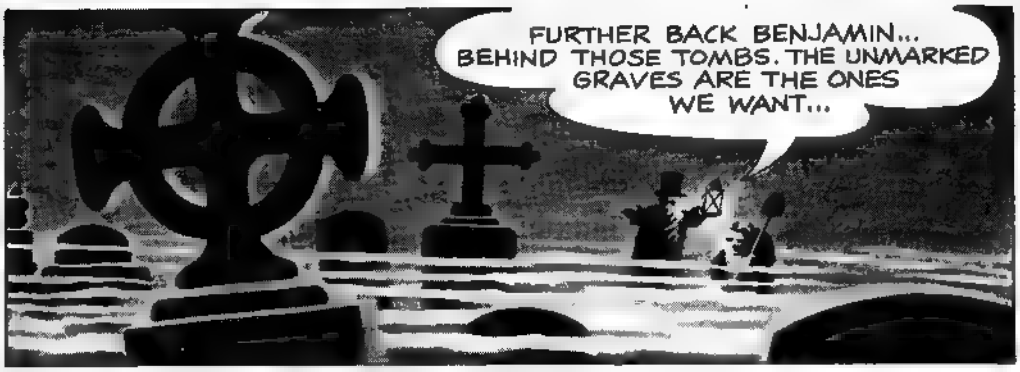

BECAUSE MY ASSISTANT AND I HAVE DONE IT... WITH A TEST MONKEY... AND IT'S BODY DID REACT!
EXCEPT... MY LEARNED DOCTOR... WHILE ACCEPTED AS THEIR DESCENDANTS HUMAN BEINGS ARE NOT MONKEYS!

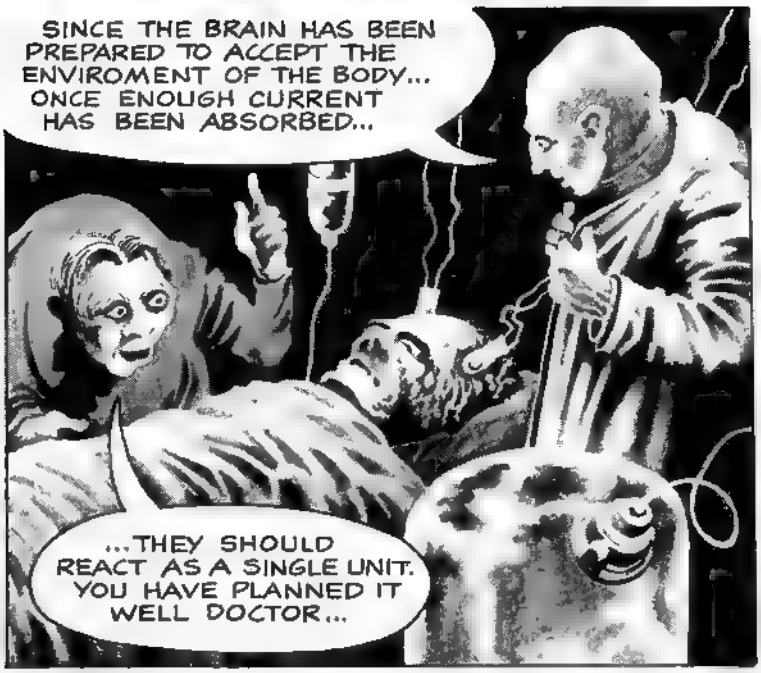

SO YOUR COMMITTEE REFUSED TO HELP ME FURTHER... THANKS TO YOU VON ERON. BUT THEN... I PERSUADED YOU TO CHANGE YOUR MIND DIDN'T I PROFESSOR... COMPLETELY!

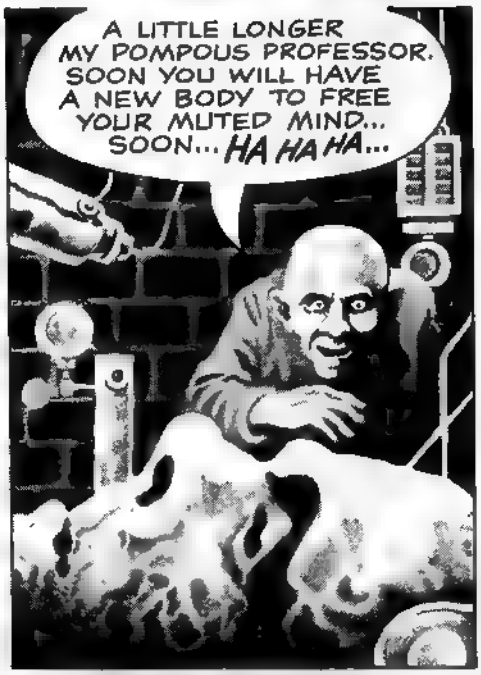

...AND HERE WE HAVE THE IMPULSE UNIT PROFESSOR... ONCE THE BRAIN IS REMOVED.. WE KEEP IT IN A SOLUTION OF PETRIFOL UNTIL WE TRANSPLANT.
MOST INTERESTING I'M SURE... BUT WHERE IS THIS...FINAL PROOF YOU SPOKE ABOUT?


WAAAAA
WE INTEND TO DEMONSTRATE THAT AN EXCHANGE OF BRAIN MATTER FROM ONE BODY TO ANOTHER...CAN WORK... USING YOUR BRAIN PROFESSOR!

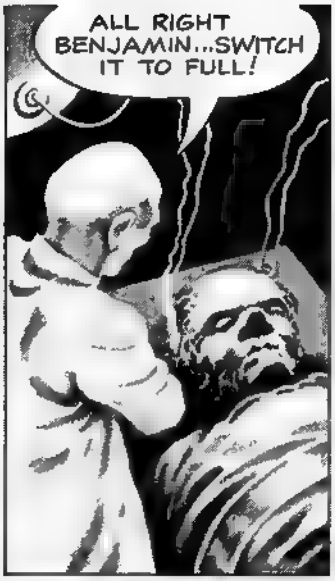
THAT WAS THREE WEEKS AGO. SINCE THEN... HIS BRAIN HAS BEEN KEPT ALIVE AWAITING THE FINAL STEP OF OUR EXPERIMENT...

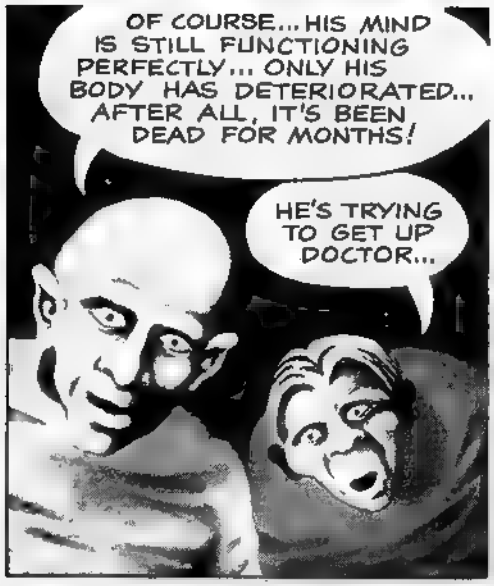






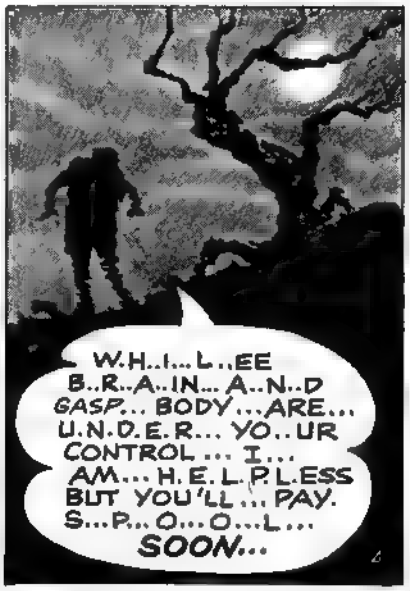
WEEKS PASSED AND DOCTOR SPOOL WATCHED HIS CREATION... PATIENTLY FEEDING THE STARVING THING THE FLASHING FURY OF ELECTRICAL FOOD IT NEEDED TO LIVE...



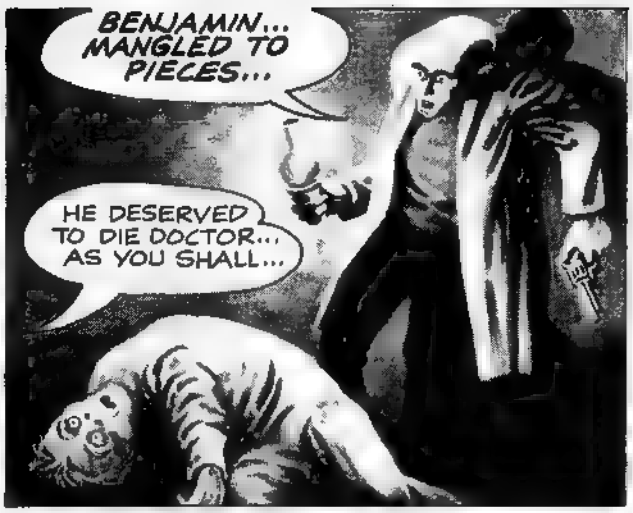


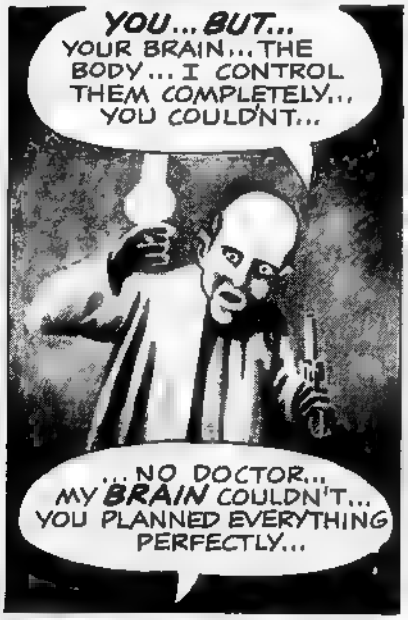
SO SHOCKED INTO LIFE AND TRAPPED WITHIN THE RAGING PRISON OF A DEATHLESS CORPSE... VON ERON'S BRAIN WAS FORCED TO SUBMIT TO THE DOCTORS COMMANDS...

SLOWLY... THE MOUTH OF NIGHT SWALLOWED DOCTOR SPOOL'S SHRIEKING CREATION REALIZING AS IT STUMBLED OFF... THIS WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING!

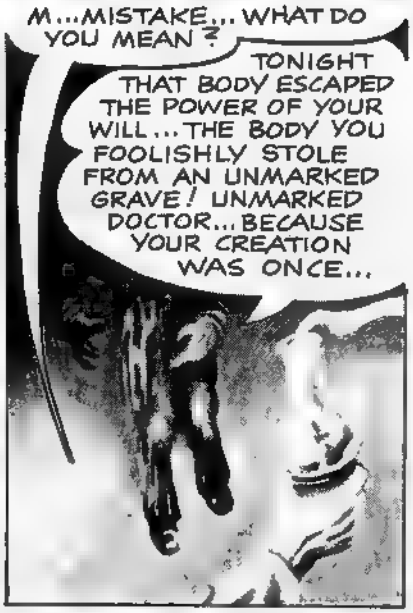


THAT SCREAM... IT SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM THE LABORATORY...


BENJAMIN... MANGLED TO PIECES...
HE DESERVED TO DIE DOCTOR... AS YOU SHALL...


YOU... BUT... YOUR BRAIN... THE BODY... I CONTROL THEM COMPLETELY... YOU COULDN'T...
...NO DOCTOR... MY BRAIN COULDN'T... YOU PLANNED EVERYTHING PERFECTLY...

...KEEPING IT ALIVE TO IMPRISON IN A CORPSE... BRINGING THAT BACK TO LIFE AGAIN... WAS YOUR MISTAKE SPOOL!


M...MISTAKE... WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
TONIGHT THAT BODY ESCAPED THE POWER OF YOUR WILL... THE BODY YOU FOOLISHLY STOLE FROM AN UNMARKED GRAVE! UNMARKED DOCTOR... BECAUSE YOUR CREATION WAS ONCE...

THE BODY OF A WEREWOLF!!!
BANG
BANG

GRAAGHH EEIIIISSH
CHORTLE... NOW THERE'S A STUBBLED RUBBLE OF DOUBLE TROUBLE... EH SCREAMSTERS... I GUESS TWO DREADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE! KINDA SNEAKY THOUGH... STRINGING SPOOL ALONG AND THEN... DOUBLE CROSSING HIM... THAT WAY!

TIME TO RUSH INTO THE LOATHSOME, RABID READERS! SNAKE A SLIMY TENTACLE UP TO THE SHOCK SHELF, AND DUST OFF ANOTHER ***CREEPY CLASSIC!*** THIS MONTH'S AWFUL OFFERING IS ***BRAM STOKER'S*** SHIVERING SHORT STORY...

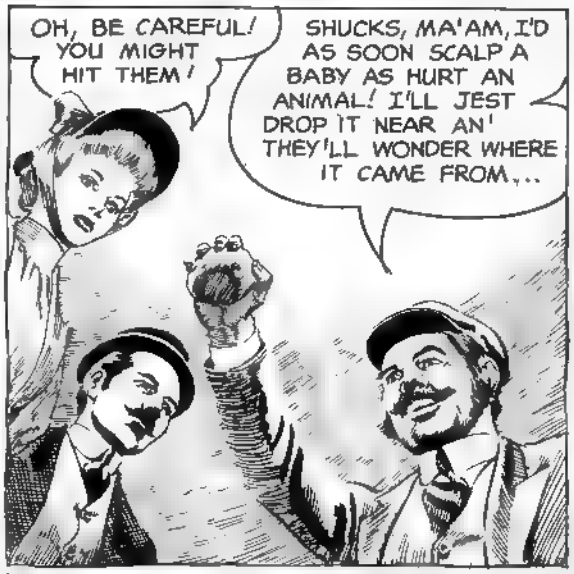
THE SQUAW!

IT WAS IN NURNBERG DURING THE SECOND WEEK OF OUR HONEYMOON THAT MY WIFE AND I MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF ELIAS P. HUTCHESON, AN EXUBERANT AMERICAN HAILING FROM BLEEDING GULCH, NEBRASKA...

NOT AT ALL, HUTCHESON. BESIDES... AMELIA AND I CAN USE THE MORAL SUPPORT WHEN WE VISIT THE TORTURE TOWER!

COME LOOK! DOWN BELOW...

MIGHTY FINE OF YOU AN' THE MISSUS TO LET ME JOIN UP ON THIS HERE SIGHTSEEIN' SASHAY, COLONEL...I 'PRECIATE IT!



ART BY REED CRANDALL/ADAPTATION BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

IT MAY BE THERE IS AN ATTRACTION OF LESSER MATTER TO GREATER, OR WE DID NOT NOTICE THE WALL SLOPED OUT AT ITS BASE--BUT THE STONE FELL WITH A SICKENING THUD...

LORD! THE KITTEN...

SAY! I WOULDN'T UV HAD THIS HAPPEN FER A THOUSAND! SHOWS WHAT A CLUMSY FOOL CAN DO TRYIN' TO PLAY! HOPE YOU DON'T GRUDGE ME NONE, MA'AM...

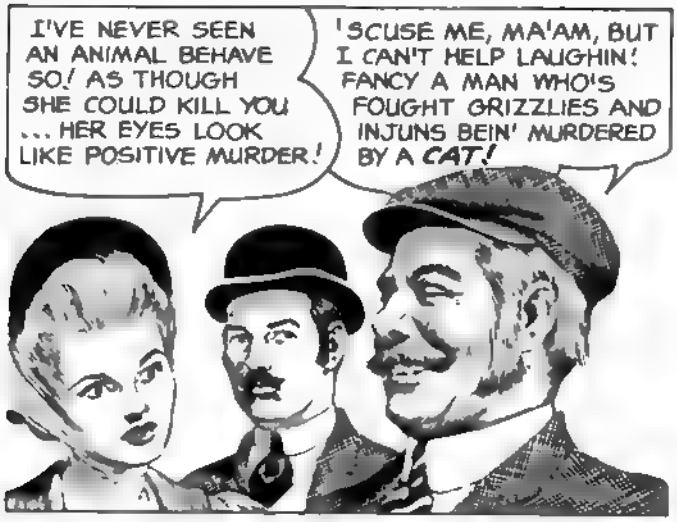
N-NO... BUT THE MOTHER! LOOK AT HER! LOOK AT HER EYES... LIKE SHE *KNEW* HOW IT HAPPENED!

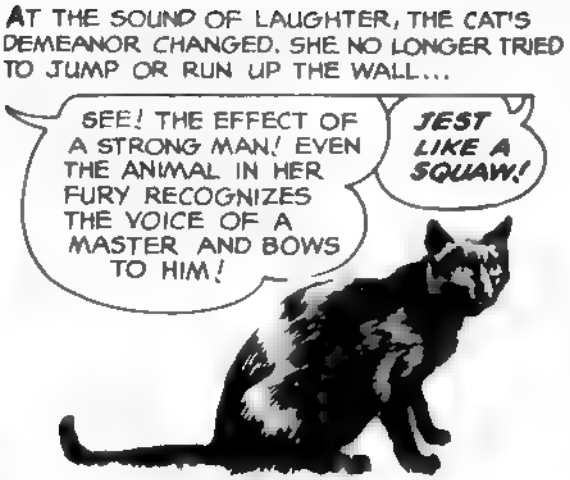
WITH A MUFFLED CRY, SUCH AS A HUMAN MIGHT GIVE, THE CAT MADE A WILD RUSH UP THE WALL, FALLING BACK WHEN MOMENTUM ENDED... AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN! EACH TIME, TO OUR HORROR, FALLING BACK INTO THE BLOOD OF HER OWN KITTEN...

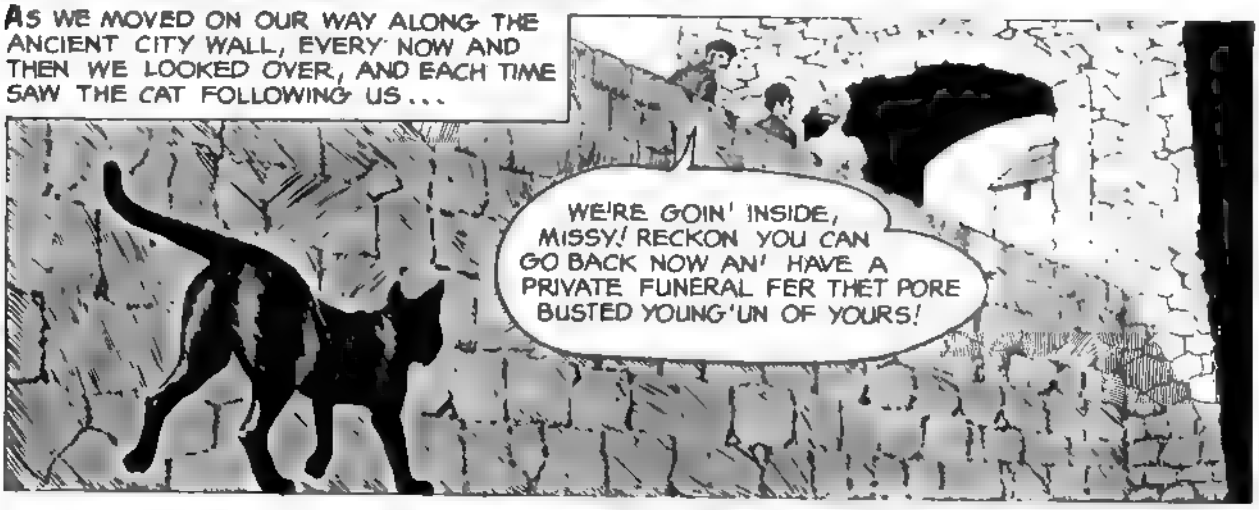
SAVAGEST BEAST I EVER DID SEE-- 'CEPT ONCE WHEN AN APACHE SQUAW GOT AFTER A HALF-BREED WHO KILLED HER PAPOOSE ON A RAID...

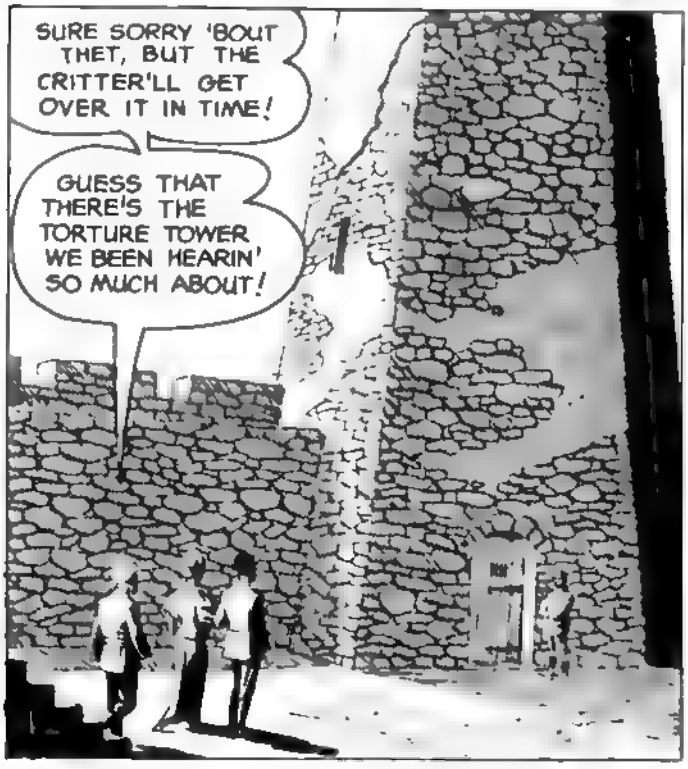
...SHE FOLLERED HIM MORE'N THREE YEARS TILL AT LAST THE BRAVES GOT 'IM AND HANDED 'IM OVER TO HER. THEY SAY NO MAN, WHITE OR INJUN, EVER BEEN SO LONG A-DYIN'...

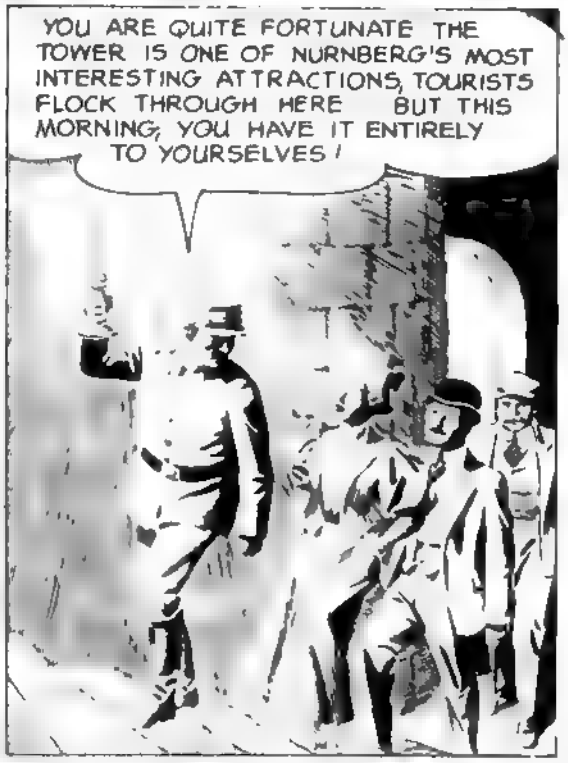
...BREED CASHED IN HIS CHIPS JUST AS WE CAME ON THE CAMP... THET SQUAW WAS SMILING FER THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE PAPOOSE BUSINESS WHEN I WIPED 'ER OUT!


I'VE NEVER SEEN AN ANIMAL BEHAVE SO! AS THOUGH SHE COULD KILL YOU ... HER EYES LOOK LIKE POSITIVE MURDER!
'SCUSE ME, MA'AM, BUT I CAN'T HELP LAUGHIN! FANCY A MAN WHO'S FOUGHT GRIZZLIES AND INJUNS BEIN' MURDERED BY A CAT!

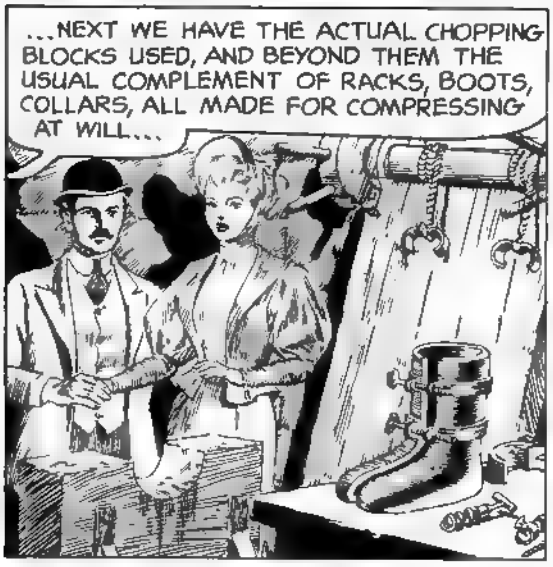

AT THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER, THE CAT'S DEMEANOR CHANGED. SHE NO LONGER TRIED TO JUMP OR RUN UP THE WALL...
SEE! THE EFFECT OF A STRONG MAN! EVEN THE ANIMAL IN HER FURY RECOGNIZES THE VOICE OF A MASTER AND BOWS TO HIM!
JEST LIKE A SQUAW!

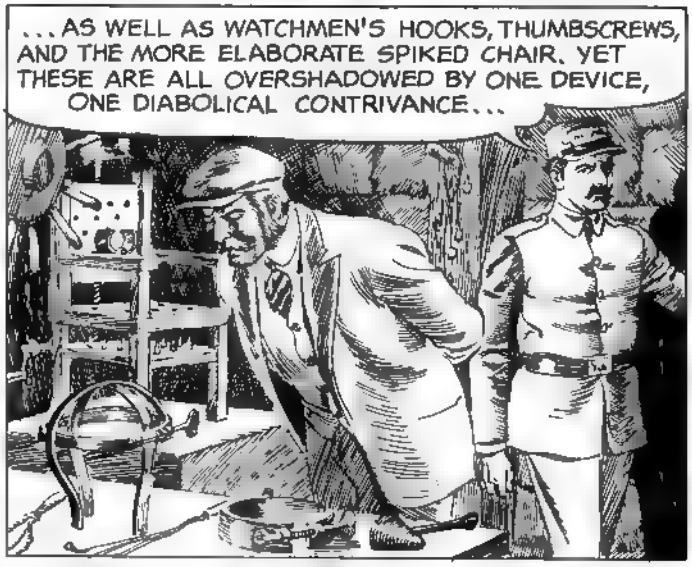

AS WE MOVED ON OUR WAY ALONG THE ANCIENT CITY WALL, EVERY NOW AND THEN WE LOOKED OVER, AND EACH TIME SAW THE CAT FOLLOWING US...
WE'RE GOIN' INSIDE, MISSY! RECKON YOU CAN GO BACK NOW AN' HAVE A PRIVATE FUNERAL FER THET PORE BUSTED YOUNG'UN OF YOURS!


SURE SORRY 'BOUT THET, BUT THE CRITTER'LL GET OVER IT IN TIME!
GUESS THAT THERE'S THE TORTURE TOWER WE BEEN HEARIN' SO MUCH ABOUT!


YOU ARE QUITE FORTUNATE THE TOWER IS ONE OF NURNBERG'S MOST INTERESTING ATTRACTIONS, TOURISTS FLOCK THROUGH HERE BUT THIS MORNING, YOU HAVE IT ENTIRELY TO YOURSELVES!

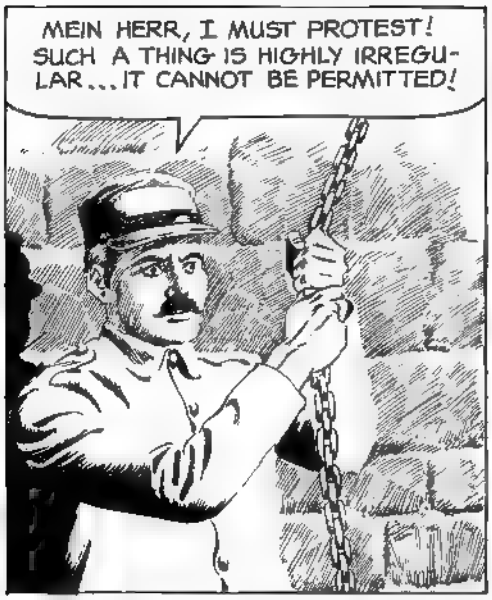
YOU NOW STAND INSIDE ONE OF THE GREATEST MONUMENTS OF MAN'S CRUELTY TO MAN... ALL THE WEAPONS IN THE RACK BEHIND YOU WERE USED BY THE HEADSMEN, THOUGH THEY FAVORED THE DOUBLE-HANDED SWORD...

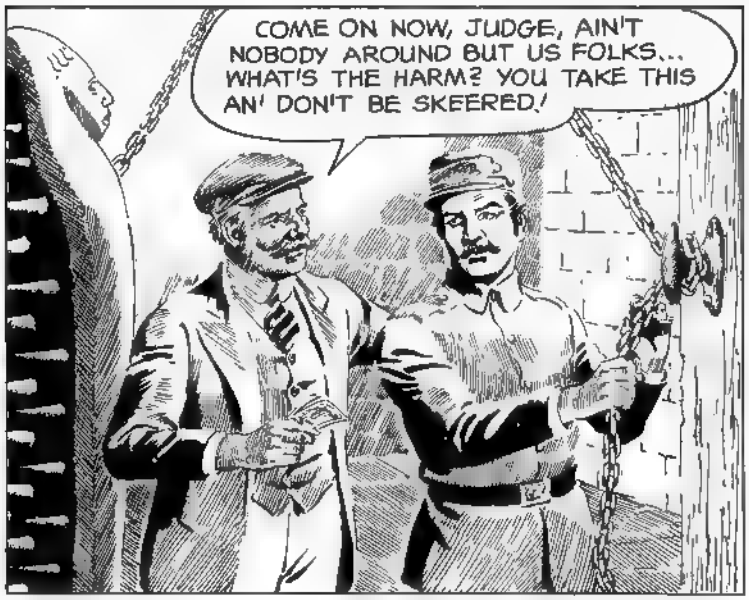

...NEXT WE HAVE THE ACTUAL CHOPPING BLOCKS USED, AND BEYOND THEM THE USUAL COMPLEMENT OF RACKS, BOOTS, COLLARS, ALL MADE FOR COMPRESSING AT WILL...


...AS WELL AS WATCHMEN'S HOOKS, THUMBSCREWS, AND THE MORE ELABORATE SPIKED CHAIR. YET THESE ARE ALL OVERSHADOWED BY ONE DEVICE, ONE DIABOLICAL CONTRIVANCE...

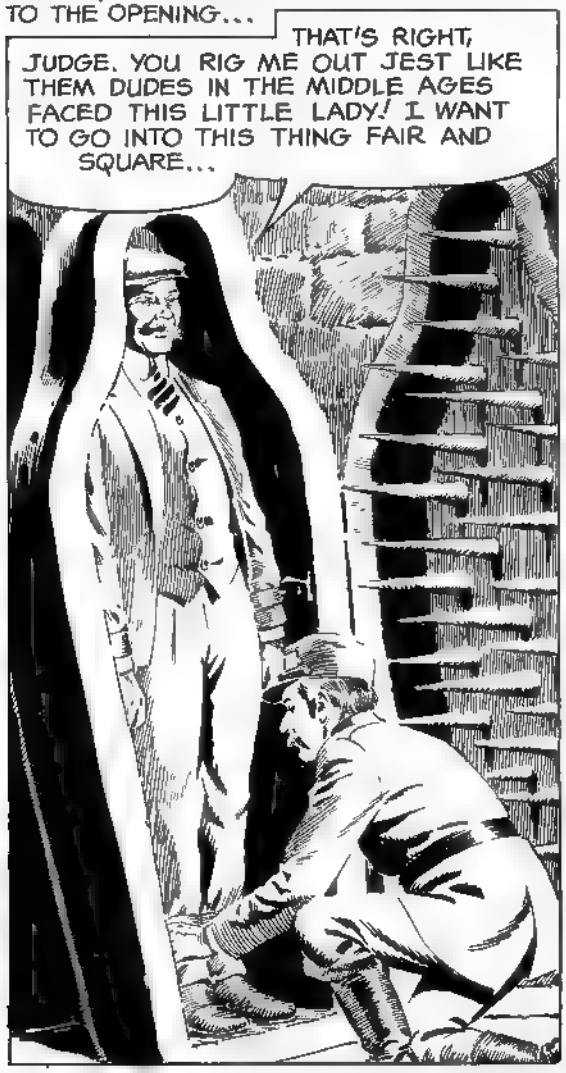
...THE INFAMOUS *IRON VIRGIN OF NURNBERG!*

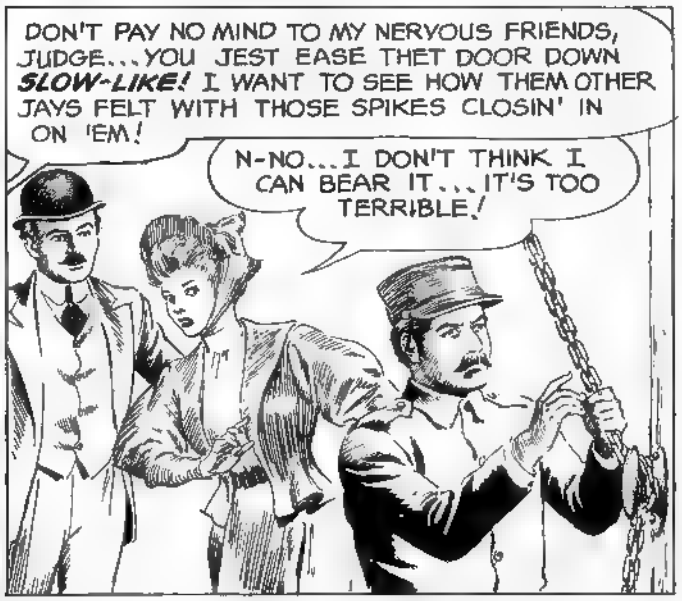
A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF EFFORT IS NECESSARY TO FULLY DEMONSTRATE THE MAIDEN'S MENACE ... EVEN WITH THE AID OF A PULLEY YOU WILL OBSERVE IT TAKES MUCH TO OPEN THE DOOR...
...THIS IS DUE PARTIALLY TO ITS WEIGHT AND ALSO BECAUSE IT IS DESIGNED TO SLAM SHUT WHEN THE TENSION ON THE CHAIN IS RELAXED!
H-HOW... HORRIBLE...
YOU WILL NOTICE WHAT APPEARS TO BE LARGE RUST STAINS ON THE INTERIOR... IN THE INTEREST OF DELICACY, I WILL ONLY SAY, IT IS NOT RUST!
NOW AIN'T THIS SUMPTHIN'! 'PEARS TO ME THIS YOUNG MISS HOLDS A STRAIGHT FLUSH ALL HIGH ON ANYTHING THE APACHES EVER COME UP ON MY SIDE OF THE BIG DRINK!
GUESS I MIGHT JEST GIT IN THAT BOX A MINUTE TO SEE HOW SHE FEELS!
OH, NO! NO! IT'S TOO TERRIBLE!
SHUCKS, MA'AM, NOTHIN'S TOO TERRIBLE TO THE EXPLORIN' MIND. FROM INJUN WARS TO CAVE-INS I'VE NOT BACKED DOWN ON AN ODD EXPERIENCE YET, AN' I DON'T PROPOSE TO BEGIN NOW!





THE GUARD'S PROTEST WAS ONLY FORMAL AND MEANT TO BE OVERCOME. TAKING AN ALMOST CHILDISH DELIGHT IN THE WHOLE AFFAIR, HUTCHESON BACKED HIMSELF INTO THE OPENING...





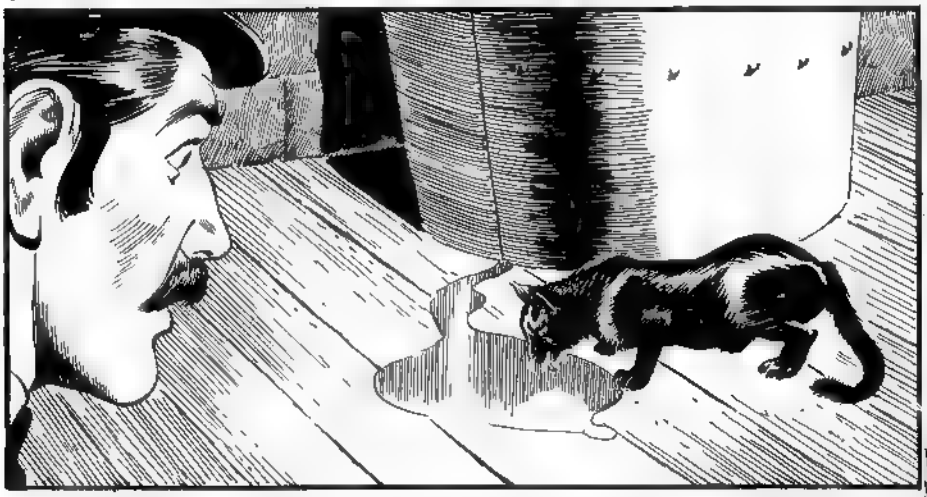
THE GUARD MUST HAVE HAD IN HIM SOME OF THE BLOOD OF HIS PREDECESSORS IN THAT GHASTLY TOWER AS HE BEGAN TO SLOWLY SLACKEN INCH BY INCH THE CHAIN HOLDING SPIKED DEATH BACK FROM HUTCHESON, WHOSE FACE GREW POSITIVELY RADIANT WITH THE OMINOUS MOVEMENT...

I LOOKED FRANTICALLY FOR A PLACE TO REST MY WIFE AND DOING SO BECAME AWARE OF A FLASH OF ANGRY GREEN EYES AND A BLURRED STREAK OF BLACK FUR MATTED WITH BLOOD...

ENCUMBERED WITH AMELIA, I TRIED AWKWARDLY TO BREAK THE ANIMAL'S CHARGE WHEN WITH A HELLISH SCREAM SHE HURLED HERSELF INTO THE AIR! NOT AT HUTCHESON AS WE EXPECTED...

...BUT STRAIGHT AT THE FACE OF THE GUARD!

PLACING AMELIA ON A BENCH OUTSIDE, I RAN BACK. CROUCHING IN FRONT OF THE IRON VIRGIN WAS THE CAT, PURRING LOUDLY AS SHE LICKED THE BLOOD WHICH TRICKLED THROUGH THE SEAM OF THE DEADLY MACHINE!



I THINK NO ONE WILL CALL ME CRUEL BECAUSE I SEIZED ONE OF THE OLD EXECUTIONER'S SWORDS AND SHORE HER IN TWO AS SHE CROUCHED.

AHHH.... SPRING. AND A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY FONDLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF - HEH - WELL, YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT IN THIS SENSE-SHATTERING SCAREFUL CONCERNING A CURIOUS "CRUSH" WHICH LEADS TO A TRAUMATIC TRIANGLE.... AND AN -

UNFEELING HEART....

"THIS IS THE END - NOTHING LEFT TO LIVE FOR... BUT FIRST, I MUST RECORD THE TRAGEDY OF HOW THIS ALL BEGAN....

SLOWLY, THE PIECES OF THE PAST BEGAN FITTING THEMSELVES INTO THE MAD PUZZLE THAT ENDED IN DESTRUCTION - ALL BECAUSE OF.... LORI.

LORI... I LOVED HER... BUT ONLY I KNEW OF THAT LOVE. SHE HARDLY THOUGHT ABOUT ME... WE MERELY WORKED TOGETHER... WHAT CHANCE DID I HAVE WHEN THE MEN LORI WANTED WERE TALL, HANDSOME-TOUGH. I HAD TO BE CONTENT TO DREAM....

ART BY ERNIE COLON / SCRIPT BY JAMES HAGGENMILLER

SHE'LL NEVER BE INTERESTED IN ME - I'M NOT THE HE-MAN TYPE SHE FINDS ATTRACTIVE....
I HOUNDED MYSELF TRYING TO THINK OF WAYS TO GAIN HER LOVE ...BUT SHE ONLY IGNORED MY EVERY ATTEMPT....
71831
THE TIME I HAD THAT VICIOUS FIGHT OVER HER - I HATED HER FOR USING ME THAT WAY!
WITH THIS EQUIPMENT AND MY EXPERIENCE I COULD CONSTRUCT A PERFECT MAN - AN ANDROID - THAT WOULD WIN LORI FOR ME!
DAYS...WEEKS...MONTHS PASSED....
MY ROBOT MAN...WILL BE ME - IN EVERY WAY! I'LL GET HER LOVE YET!

I HAVEN'T ENOUGH MATERIAL FOR THE PROPER SPECIFICATIONS BUT WITH THE EQUIPMENT IN HERE-
NOW I CAN COMPLETE MY PLANS- FOR THE ANDROID- AND LORI!
"AS WORK PROGRESSED ON MY ARTIFICIAL MAN, I FELT LIKE A CHILD WHO HAS DISCOVERED A NEW TOY....
...HE WILL BE MORE PERFECT THAN ANY HUMAN BEING... A CREATION THAT WILL LIVE, BREATHE, RESPOND TO EVERY REFLEX OF THE BODY- NOW FOR THE MASTER TOUCH....
-A VERY SPECIAL HEART FOR YOU, SIR... WITH THE SPECIAL TRANSMITTER I BUILT INTO IT-WHATEVER YOU FEEL, IT WILL FEEL AND EXPERIENCE THE SAME SENSATIONS.... MY MASTERPIECE OF AUTOMATION!
"AT LAST-THE HEART IN PLACE-ALL CONNECTIONS COMPLETED- I STEPPED BACK TO VIEW MY CREATION.
AMAZING! ABSOLUTELY AUTHENTIC- RIGHT DOWN TO THE SYNTHETIC SKIN-NOW FOR THE FINAL TEST!

NOW HE IS READY TO ACT- TO RESPOND TO MY WISHES!

STEP FORWARD-HEAR WHAT I SAY- STEP FORWARD- HE'S DONE IT! IT LIVES! MY ANDROID LIVES!!

"HE ANSWERED MY COMMAND PERFECTLY! MY MIND EXPLODED WITH EXCITEMENT- THE ANDROID WALKED AWKWARDLY AT FIRST BUT HE WAS, AFTER ALL-NEW BORN!

NOW I'M READY TO BEGIN MY PLAN...NOW LORI WILL BE MINE-AND HE- MY ANDROID- WILL HELP ME....

BUT I MUST NAME HIM- LORI ALWAYS FAVORED STRONG NAMES...THAT'S IT- STRONG- ARMSTRONG... DUKE ARMSTRONG!

WITH THIS SENSORY UNIT- EXACTLY LIKE THE ONE I PLACED IN THE ANDROID'S CHEST, I'LL FEEL EVERY- THING HE DOES-YES-IT WORKS... HE'S RAISING HIS ARMS!

OH, LORI- I WANT YOU TO MEET A-FRIEND. DUKE, THIS IS LORI, MY ASSISTANT. UH- DUKE IS STAYING WITH ME...
-FOR A WHILE, I HOPE- HELLO, DUKE!
SHE WORKS FAST, LORI DOES... POOR UNSUSPECTING FOOL! NOW SHE'LL FIND OUT WHAT IT'S LIKE!
THEY WERE TOGETHER CONSTANTLY-
OH, DUKE...THIS IS WONDERFUL... I NEVER MET ANY ONE LIKE YOU BEFORE-EVER!
OH, DUKE.... I LOVE YOU!
-AND I- WAS ALWAYS WITH LORI...

"BUT I HAD TOYED WITH LORI LONG ENOUGH - IT WAS TIME FOR HER TO FEEL REJECTION - PAIN - THE TORMENT OF A BROKEN HEART!
- SO IT'S OVER FOR US! I'VE FOUND SOMEONE ELSE... THAT'S IT, LORI.
JUST LIKE THAT?
HAVEN'T YOU ANY FEELINGS? YOU CAN'T, DUKE! I LOVE YOU! PLEASE - THIS IS HEARTLESS!
YOU NEVER MEANT ANYTHING YOU SAID! YOU'RE NOT REAL - LOVE ISN'T MECHANICAL... YOU CAN'T SWITCH IT ON AND OFF....
IF I CAN'T LIVE WITH YOU, I WON'T LIVE! THIS POISON WILL SEE TO THAT!
LORI! DON'T!
- AND - GASP - IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU... NO ONE WILL!
UNGH!!
AHG!
AHHH - THE PAIN... MY HEART... FUNNY HOW THINGS WORK OUT - LORI DEAD - MY ANDROID DESTROYED - AND I... DOOMED BY MY OWN FOOLISHNESS...
WHEN THEY FIND US - IF THEY LOOK CLOSELY, THEY'LL SEE THE IRONY... DESTINY PLAYED HER FINAL TRICK... THREE DEA ... THREE DEATHS - THREE CASES OF A .... BROKEN HEART!
OUCH! JUST SHOWS YOU WHAT CAN HAPPEN WHEN A "LIVEWIRE" GOES "HAYWIRE." AWFUL ABOUT ARNOLD. HE'S KINDA BROKEN UP ABOUT IT! AFTER ALL, THAT RAPTUROUS ROBOT WAS A - LABOR OF LOVE?
GAG
THE END

EERIE FAN FARE

Grab a toad stool to sit on, scream students . . . this SHRIEK SESSION of GHOUL SCHOOL history is about to begin! Our first lurid lesson comes from my rotting dictionary of reeking DEMON DRIVEL . . . so let's look now at the mystery of . . .

"ABRACADABRA"

Beneath the bubbling black clouds of a moonless night . . . the MAGICIAN stands ranting in the mist of his circled altar. Waving his arms wildly, the tortured murmur of "ABRACADABRA" falls from his lips into the darkness, and the feverish wizard is suddenly engulfed in a hissing eruption of purple smoke! In a moment, the scaly form of a gaunt demon stifles the wind with the sharp stench of death! This then is Satan's messenger . . . summoned that very instant from the molten sulphur world of HADES!!!

"ABRACADABRA" was first spoken by Quintus Serenus Sammondicus, a physician who had followed emperor Servus's expedition into Britain in the year 208. He later wrote this charm into a poem he called, "Precepta de Medicina", and men gone wild with sickness believed they could cure their insanity with the mention of miraculous incantation. But like the madness of the man, the word soon grew diseased with the fever of evil witches and necromancers who used it to invoke a curse upon any mortal who dared to defy them. "ABRACADABRA". . ."ABRACADABR" . . . slowly the chant was repeated, each time subtracting one letter until only a single syllable remained. For evil doers believed they could curse a person to death . . . and the mysterious word became the symbol of that destruction. Muttered in the dark cottages of the witch or babbled in the dungeon of the magician's sanctuary . . . "ABRACADABRA". . . rose swiftly over the tremmoring shadows of the exorcist as he performed his ritual of black magic in the flickering glow of the shrinking candles. Usually the victim fell seriously ill, often dying a hideous death without cause. Come to think of it . . . when was the last time someone pointed a finger at you and whispered . . ."ABRACADABRA". . .!

From the looks of this throat throttling tapestry . . . it seems our shrieking doom-dame isn't letting that guy get away without a fright! Chill filler, BILL SCHWARTZ, now stationed at Ft. Stewart, Georgia, takes a stab at a startling situation.

Horror hippie, BRIAN CLIFTON, from Fort Lauderdale, Florida, sends us this peek at your sneeky tweak . . . doesn't our droll troll look L-EERIE! Behind that twitching stitching he calls a face . . . there's a skillful skullful of scare fare that'll really be groggin' your nogging . . . so watch out!

Sensational scare sorceress, ROXANNE COLLIER from West Memphis, Arkansas, submits her seething serving of succulent screamery . . . a really boiling answer to the bubbling problem of . . .

THE GLASS PRISON

Henry Gilroy looked out of his glass prison at the hideous eyes that watched him for the one millionth time that day. He recoiled from the sight in sickening fear. The creatures came often and when they did, each visit meant screaming, terrifying death for the chosen ones in the glass prison. Why! Why was he, Henry Gilroy, one of the sixty odd crew to be chosen for death? Death was certain, only time remained suspended. The creatures controlled the prisoners completely and all that Henry and his helpless comrades had left now was hope, and even that only increased the fear of their plight. He sadly remembered as he gazed out of his fate, only two, short days ago he had wandered along the beach, his family enjoying their wonderful, complete life together. He was a fisherman, his needs had been small, most were taken from the sea. The sea had been his life, and his family's. But that was two days ago. The creatures had always been a threat he'd remembered, but until that day, his neighborhood had never been attacked. Now only the present counted and for the present Henry and the others were frightened prisoners, instinctively trying to evade the gortesque figures and faces of their captors. Suddenly a gigantic hand reached into the prison, entrapping him in a breathless grip. Henry screamed, "No, please, not me . . . I have a family" . . . but the monster did not listen. They merely laughed . . . giggling laughter which Henry repulsed. Suddenly the tight grip loosened and Henry was plunged into a bubbling death vat of burning destruction. He never heard the cook tell the little boy he had made a wise choice, and the little boy never heard Henry's savage screams of pain coming from the big pot as his rough shell slowly turned a golden brown in the hot grease of the lobster pan.

END

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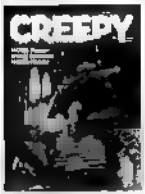
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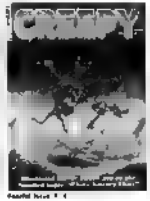
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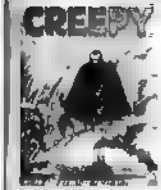
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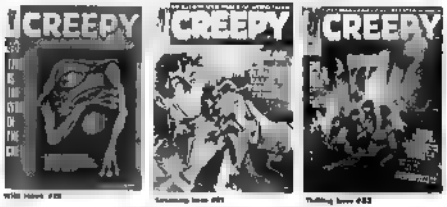
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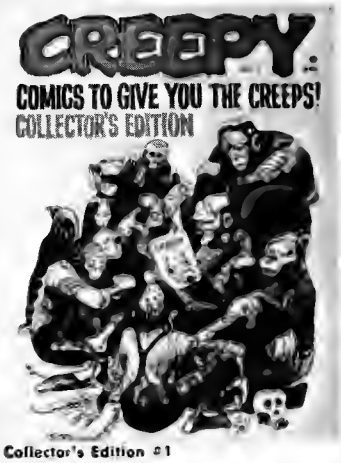

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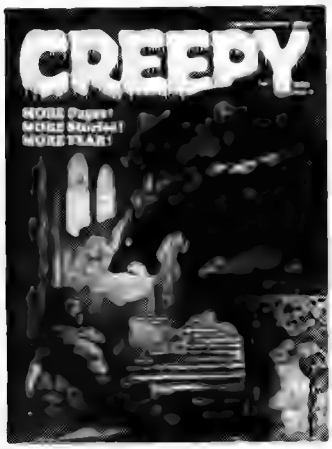

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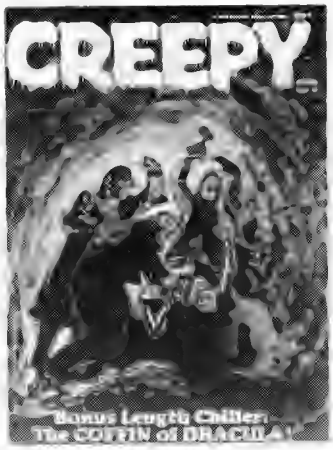

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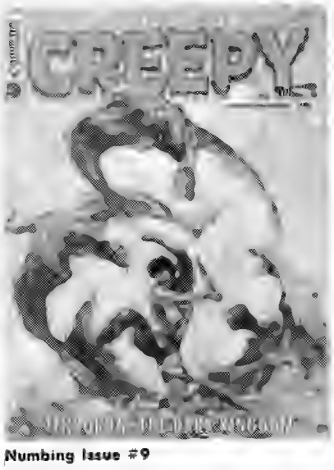

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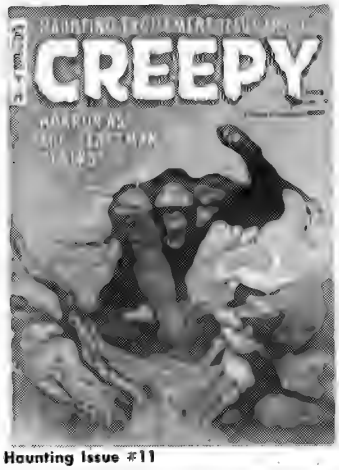

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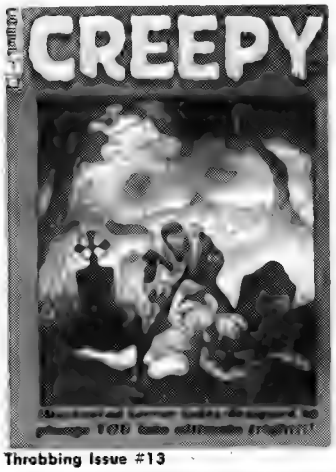

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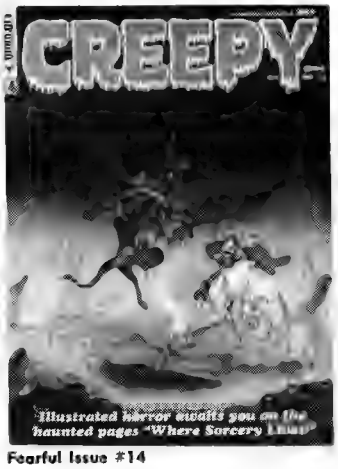

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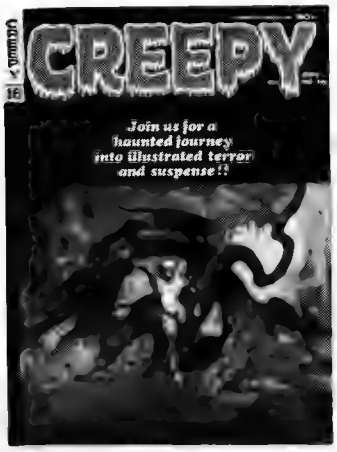

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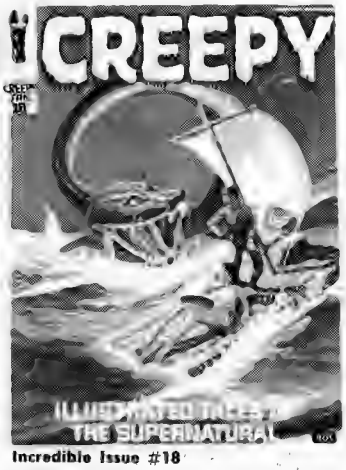

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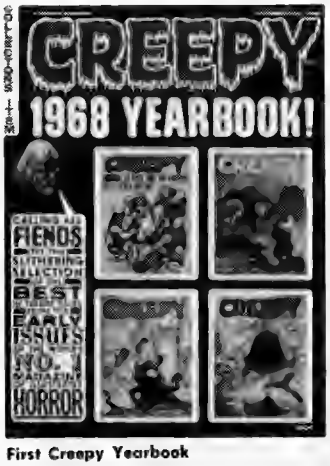

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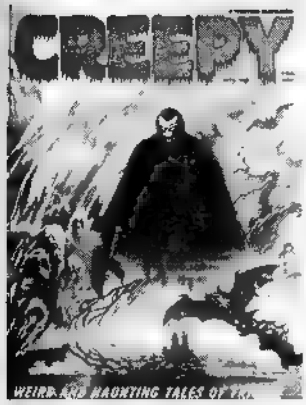

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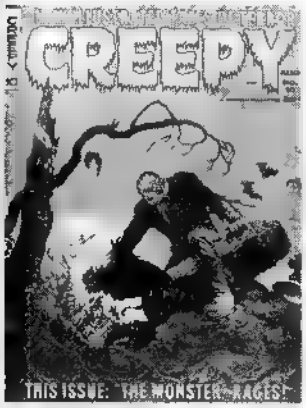

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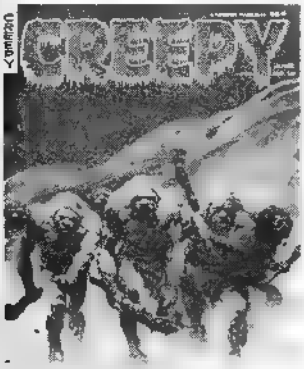

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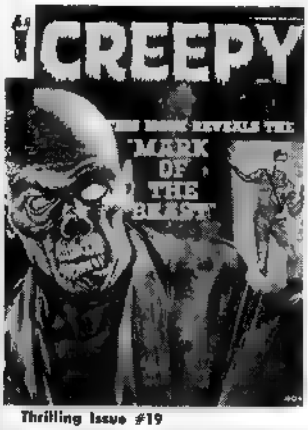

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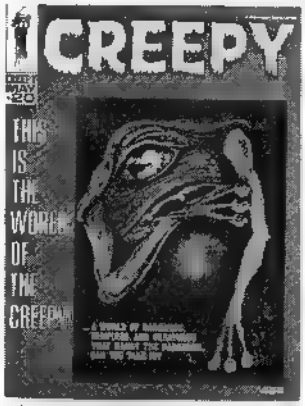

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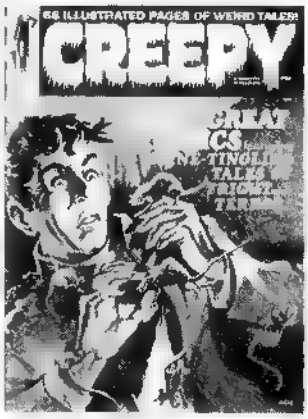

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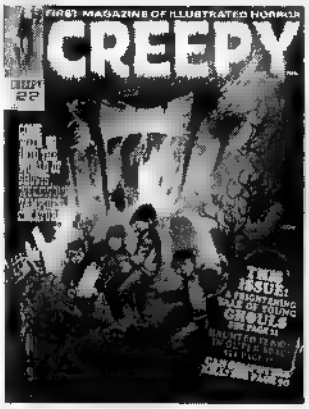

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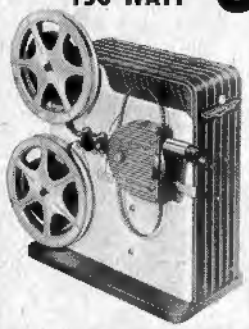

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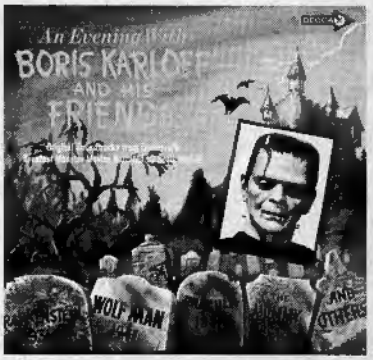

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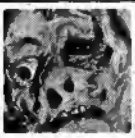

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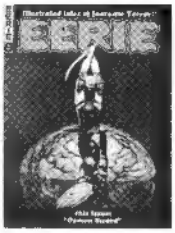

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